Gen. WM. BOOTH, General. T. H. ADAMS, Commissioner.

The War Cry

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY, CANADA.

VOL. VII. No. 320. TORONTO, CANADA, DECEMBER 13TH, 1890 PRICE 5 CENTS.

COMMISSIONER'S Western Tour.

Winnipeg Ablaze—Crowds—Excitement Souls—Social Reform.

BY MAJOR LEIGHTON.

At 1 p.m. on Wednesday, Nov. 19th, the Pacific Express left the Union Depot and set out on its way through the darkness of the Sabbath-keeping Sunday. Our Commissioner, Mrs. Adams and Staff, on a mission is to shed darkness from the souls of mankind and bring into them the glorious light and liberty of the children of God.

Onward speeds the iron horse and its freight until at 8.30 a.m. we arrive at North Bay, where we had three hours stay. After a rather tedious wait, we, our train arrived from Montreal and we are soon on board the through train for the West.

A rough most beautiful and wonderful way we are hurrying along, sometimes creeping over the mountains with a rapidly flowing current beneath us, again passing by the side of beautifully calm and placid lakes, and then in a few minutes the scene is changed, we pass between the overhanging rocks that have been through by the marvellous skill built the great track from east to ocean.

Several hours we were close to the shore of Lake Superior and as we neared the coast and wound round the side of the cliffs the changing views we had were gloriously beautiful and magnificent.

At length Port Arthur is reached and we at stage of our journey to Winnipeg which then begun. On Fort William we strike out in almost straight for our destination.

Another night (the) in the cars, by the dawn of day we find ourselves rapidly approaching the famous City of Winnipeg, finally on time we cross the Red River and see before us the Great Western Capitol.

Arrived at the station we are met by Majors Morris and the band and soldiers, and the Commissioner and Mrs. Adams descend from the cars a mighty shout of welcome rent the air. Borne aloft on eight poles was a large banner inscribed:

WELCOME TO
GEN'L'S COMMISSIONER & MRS. ADAMS,
BRIGADIER ROLLAND,
MAJOR LEIGHTON, & LIEUT. LEE, GUITAR PLAYER.
SOCIAL REFORM.

"Fall in!" "Fire a volley!" cried the Commissioner. Another tremendous shout and off we go to the barracks.

We pass down Main street which is by far the finest street I have seen in Canada, and in my opinion is fully equal to any thoroughfare in the world. On either side is seen beautifully designed buildings that are a triumph of architectural skill. The stores are large and commodious, and the enterprise of their proprietors is manifested by the strikingly original advertising that abounds.

At length we reach the barracks where a short meeting was held. The Commissioner and Mrs. Adams both spoke a few words and expressed their pleasure at being able to visit Winnipeg, and thanked the soldiers and friends for the

Grand Reception

given to them. During the day business of various kinds was transacted and at night a great meeting was held.

The march was a good one, the flag above mentioned led the way, followed by the band, the war chariot and soldiers. A lively march right up Main street and past the City Hall, which is a splendid building and well worth going a long way to see. The Post Office is only a short distance away and is one of the finest buildings I have seen for Postal purposes. At the corner of James street a short open-air meeting was held and the war chariot was surrounded by hundreds of people. Major Morris announced the visitors, and Major Leighton stood up in the war chariot and addressed the crowd. He spoke of the life of sin from which God had saved him and invited sinners to seek salvation without delay.

The procession was then reformed and in a few minutes we were in the barracks where a large crowd had assembled to hear of

Our Social Reform Work.

Capt. Rennie prayed, and Major Morris gave out the song, "We are marching on in His might made strong." It went with a swing, and was followed by prayer. Several soldiers and the Commissioner having prayed. Major Leighton sang a solo, and red-hot shots were fired by the soldiers. Lieut. Lee sang "I'm a Soldier in the Salvation Band," and then the

COMMISSIONER

was welcomed by a rousing volley as he rose to speak on "Social Reform." With extraordinary effect the Commissioner poured forth burning words of truth, and at several points his remarks were applauded. During his speech the Commissioner said.

"I am very glad I am a soldier. The last time I was here I told you that we were marching on, and thank God I have not come to report any declensions. We spend our time in doing unto mankind as we would like mankind to do to us. During the last year we have had 13,000 converts and 4000 of these have been made into soldiers. We do not know what retreat is. The Salvation Army has for twenty-five years kept away from helping people's bodies, but now the time has come when the Salvation Army must do something for the poor people around us. We are not going to encourage

People who Won't Work.

If people won't work then they should not eat. We are willing to go into the harlot's lot's den and do something for this class of people and God is going to help us. We are not only going to help the women but also the men, who are in many cases the cause of their downfall. We have now commenced a work that will be a blessing to these poor creatures. We have opened a

Prison Gate Home

in Toronto, and thank God twelve men are already in our Home, and several of them are converted and doing well. We are having wonderful success in this branch and mighty things are going to be done."

At the close of the Commissioner's address Major Morris invited the sinners present to come to Christ at once, and we entered our prayer meeting believing for victory. After a long, hard struggle we had the joy of seeing

Four Souls

come to the Cross! Hallelujah!

We went home tired in body but rejoicing over the victory won.

At 6.30 a.m. Majors Leighton and Morris led the knee-drill and we took hold of God in earnest, and got equipped for the day's fight.

The morning open-air was a regular rouser. With band to the front we marched round some of the principal streets, and on our arrival at the barracks a large crowd had assembled for the holiness meeting. The meeting was opened with the grand old song, "Oh how happy are they who the Saviour obey." Majors Leighton and Morris prayed, after which Lieut. Lee sang "Keep on believing," which went well. Major Morris led the testimonies which were very freely given and were very definite. One of those saved in the Saturday night meeting testified. Here are a few of the testimonies:

1.—"It is easier for me to do right than wrong."

2.—"I know that the Blood of Jesus keeps me daily without sin. I do love my Jesus with all my heart."

3.—"I am thankful that God has power to sanctify and keep me all the day long."

(Continued on fourth page.)

MARCHING BY THE CITY HALL, WINNIPEG.

The General's Address,

On the Occasion of the Farewell of Fifty Officers, Called the "Memorial Fifty," at Exeter Hall, London, England, for India.

I am here to introduce to you our comrades who are taking farewell of us, and to whom we want to give our blessing,and to ask the Divine blessing and protection upon as they go away to their important duties in a distant land.

All of you will excuse me making a passing reference to the great sorrow that has overtaken me since it was last my privilege to stand on this platform. I have no doubt I appear to you very much the same. I feel sometimes as though the friends around me might be a little surprised. I have always had the capacity of being carried away with the duty of the hour. The great realities of the business to which I have devoted myself now for many years are almost sufficient to over-power, very largely, when I come to the front, the personal feelings which, at other times, will assert themselves whether I will or no.

I allude to the loss I have suffered in

My Beloved Wife.

If I had forgotten it for the hour, this platform and this congregation would bring it to my mind—this platform from whence, with such Divine unction, with such lovely simplicity, and with such deep earnestness of spirit, she has so often spoken for her Master, and so often claimed the hearts and the possessions and the lives of those who have sat before her, for His service, and for the cause of humanity. ("Amens.")

I come here to-night without her; I have to finish the fight,so far as I am concerned, comparatively speaking alone. I remember reading—and some of you will remember it, too, I have no doubt—one of the most beautiful incidents in the life of John Wesley. It appears that towards the close of his career, his brother, who had been his sworn companion-in-arms, and who had stood by him all the way through his conflicts, was taken home,and the tidings came to Mr. Wesley just before he ascended the pulpit to preach to a crowded audience. In the vestry he opened the letter and read it, and then quietly went into the pulpit and gave out the inimitable hymn, called "Wrestling Jacob:"

"Come, O thou traveller unknown,
Whom yet I hold, but cannot see;
My company before has gone,
And I alone am left with Thee.
With Thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day!"

I thank God these are my sentiments. ("Hallelujah!") A choice part of my company has gone before me; a great light has gone out of my life, but

I am With Him!

("Praise God!") If I stay here I stay with Him, and He stays with me.

I will stay with Him here till the morning breaks, the shadows flee away and I fly to meet again my comrade and companion for ever and ever! (Volley.) Until then I wrestle with God on behalf of man, and, by His grace, I will wrestle with men for their sakes, and on the behalf of my Master, for I am the servant and soldier of Jesus Christ and Him crucified. (Volley.) I am here to-night to speak about

Darkest India.

On Monday night I hope to speak on "Darkest England." They are both dark enough. God help us to look at the darkness! ("Amen.") The apathy of men is, to my mind, something marvellous — the knack they have of turning their eyes away from the heart-breaking sorrows of their fellow men. The selfishness of man is the last thing from which he is saved, the last bit of the old Adam that dies.

It goes with him into his religion, and very largely into the Kingdom of God. It is a long way on the Divine road—it ought not to be—when Jesus Christ thoroughly and utterly destroys the works of the devil. There seems to be a sort of feeling, "Let me be assured that my soul's interests are safe, or get some sort of notion that when I die I shall go to heaven, and then let me devote myself to the promotion of my earthly happiness!" So they turn their eyes away from the miseries and sorrows and tears and cries and groans of those who are round about them, and pass on their way.

I often say,and it is a maxim that should govern all true religious enterprise, that if you can get men to look at heaven and at hell, they will want to go to heaven and shun the road to hell; and it is quite true that you cannot look at the miseries of your fellows without

Wanting to Remove Them;

the broken hearts, without wanting to heal them; the multitudes living and dying without Christ, without wanting to carry salvation to them.

Our topic to-night is the condition of Darkest India, and what can we do to enlighten that darkness. What a sight presents itself to us! Here you have two hundred and fifty millions of people, nearly every one of whom is accessible to Christian effort. You can go and speak to those crowds without being stoned, without being even mocked and taunted as you would be in the streets of "Darkest England," and very largely without being misrepresented in the papers; that is, if you go to them in the meek and humble spirit of your Master, not as the rulers of a conquering nation. It is hardly likely that they will listen to you if you go to them in the fashion and spirit of the conqueror—they will probably turn upon you and say, "You have taken away our freedom, conquered our country, you tax us at your pleasure, your soldiers almost trample upon us in the streets, and kick us out of the way when we interpose between them and their good pleasure; and now, having taken away our liberties, you want to come in this lordly spirit and take away our religion also."

On the other hand, if you go to them and say, "Brothers and sisters," not only with your lips, but by your actions; if you go down, so to speak, to the very level of their circumstances and position, and put your arms round them—I speak from facts, and every sentiment I utter Commissioner Tucker is able to confirm—they will listen to you. They may not embrace your religion, but will welcome you as men and brothers, and be willing to hear you; and you all know very well that when once men begin to believe in their fellows being actuated by unselfish feelings in coming to seek to do them good, they are very likely to receive the sentiments they proclaim.

From missionary speeches, meetings and journals, with which, I presume, everybody is pretty familiar, you know something about the dark cruelties and wretched conditions of these millions of people.

What is to be the Remedy?

Are we to leave them as they are? Are we to be contented with our title to heaven, calling ourselves Christ's followers, without having His Spirit? And if we have His Spirit, will it not torment us, day by day, out of our selfish luxuriousness and ease, and send us forth, as He went, to go and win these crowds to His feet and make them fight under His banner?

But apart from the love we bear to Christ, apart from His Spirit, if we are only actuated by the spirit of humanity which is asserting itself in all directions and which has welcomed the scheme contained "In Darkest England" although it comes in the guise of the Salvation Army, and says, "Let us help the poor wretches around us; here's our money and we'll help you!"—don't you believe the Salvation of the Cross is the panacea for all the ills that human flesh is heir to? Don't we believe that Jesus—*our* Jesus—is the Great Liberator? Don't we believe it is Jesus Who will lift up the poor man, right the wrongs of the oppressed, and break the manacles of the slave? That it is the Spirit of Jesus which will come and

Liberate Women

from their oppressed, down-trodden condition; which will rectify the controversies between capital and labor, rich and poor? Don't we believe it is Jesus who is going to bring in the millennium if ever it comes, whether it's in 1893, 1895, or years off? (Loud cries of "Yes!" and "glory!") Very well, then, on to your feet, rise and rush forward with your banner, and go and carry this message to these two hundred and fifty millions of souls that are ready, if you go in the right kind of spirit, to receive it! (Volley.)

Nothing seems to me more contemptible—I do say strong things sometimes, I can't help it (laughter); I sometimes come very near on for swearing (much laughter), but you will excuse me under the circumstances; it is quite as excusable as some of those hard words you use when the nose of your favorite old teapot that your grandfather left you is broken; and when similar troubles come upon you (laughter)—nothing seems so despicable, I was going to say, because so out of all reasonable proportions, as the efforts that are being put forth by the Church of Jesus Christ for the Salvation of these two hundred and fifty millions. Here are the Churches of England and America, with men in them who glory in being millionaires, or thousandaires, or some kind of "aires"—anyway, who have got their pockets lined and their immense balances at the bank—they live in swell houses, are clothed in purple, and fare sumptuously every day, and content themselves with

Sending the Crumbs

that fall from their tables to help Jesus Christ to save these millions.

Look at them! How many missionaries ought to be there to-day? How many men and women, call them what you like? I don't care what you call them, so their hearts be on fire with the love of Jesus, and their hands clean from human selfishness; so their hearts be purified by the Blood of Christ, and they know His power to transform and save a man right off, without teaching him Greek and Latin; I don't care what church they come from, whether they baptise with water or no, whether they go in for this ceremonial or the other, whether they wear garbs and vestments and bedgowns outside their trousers, or what they wear—(much laughter) if only their hearts be right.

How many missionaries are there in India? About a thousand. It ought to be a hundred thousand! The churches of this country could send ten thousand of their sons and daughters right away if they would, and

Endow them on Salvation Army Principles;

put a hundred pounds into some railway debentures, and give them the interest of five pounds per annum, then they would be all right for the rest of their days! (Laughter.)

Perhaps you say it will never be by European agency that India will be saved. Quite right, my brother and sister! I say it is native agency that is going to do it! and those are the lines on which the Salvation Army work. It is the native that must go to the native. The native understands, as a foreigner never can, the idioms of the language, and the modes and ways of thought and feeling; and, more than that, he is not a foreigner. But when a man becomes a proper Salvationist he gets rid of the idea of there being some inferiority about a man who is a foreigner.

Salvationists are Cosmopolitan,

one man is as good as another, and a sister sometimes ever so much better! (Laughter.) We are increasing this native agency at something like the rate (for the last year) of one hundred and fifty officers per annum, and, with the help of the other religious denominations, we hope to see India flooded with native agency.

There is one thought I would like to express here. I don't want to make any reflection, but there is a great notion that you cannot get at the women of India. Well, all I have to say is, the Salvation Army gets as many women as men saved if you reckon one woman as good as two men. (Laughter.)

It is quite true that it is difficult to get at the upper ten of ladies in India, the same as the upper ten of ladies in England. It is easier to go and get a washerwoman saved than

The Lady Who Rides About Rotten Row.

But in each case you must adapt yourselves to their circumstances. If you want to win the slums you must live in the slums. (Volley.) If you want to save the people of the West End, you must take a house in Hyde Park, and drive round Rotten Row, with a hallelujah bonnet on or a Salvation jersey, and tackle my Lord this and my Lady that. (Volley and laughter.) Oh, when shall we have some West-Enders who will dare to do it? God, hasten the time!

The hearts of the Hindoos are made very much after the same fashion as the hearts of Englishmen, and the devil is very much after the same fashion in India as in England—I don't think he is quite as ugly as the devil in London; and so if you learn to fight the devil here, it is very useful when you come to fight him there.

We are trying to do this. For this purpose we are sending out these fifty-five natives of England, Scotland, Ireland, Sweden, America, and Canada. In this party I have a heavy share. Not only are there my two daughters, my son-in-law, and my grandson here—(here the General took Commissioner and Mrs. Booth-Tucker's little baby-boy and held it up in view of the audience)—but they are taking away my cook, who has lived with us something like ten years, the housemaid—one of the dear creatures who, in a most self-sacrificing manner, helped to nurse my darling wife—and little Dot here, the pet orphan of my beloved. ("God bless them!")

Our progress in India and Ceylon has been something like the following:—

Year.	Corps.	European Officers.	Native.	Total.
1886	16	89	41	80
1888	56	166	102	268
1890	96	171	273	444

With regard to the progress of to-day, our success during the last two or three months has been greater than at any previous period of our work in India. I have often hoped to live to see the prophecy fulfilled about a nation being born in a day. In India, in four separate instances, nearly the whole of four villages [illegible] verted to God. That is [illegible] one say, "Hallelujah!" [illegible] You say, What are that [illegible] because one of the [illegible] against The Salvation Army [illegible]

They are Sheep [illegible]

(Laughter.) To-day a [illegible] with the startling statement [illegible] nearly all our soldiers. What [illegible] we must be! (Laughter.) It [illegible] in this country some of our [illegible] officers have belonged to other communities, but in nearly [illegible] when we got them, they were in a poor Laodicean condition, and we [illegible] put them in our frying-pan and [illegible] them up! At the same time it is a [illegible] boomerang argument that comes [illegible] those who use it, because if they [illegible] good and we are so bad, how on earth [illegible] it they didn't keep them? (Laughter.)

At the same time, how many Salvationists now occupy high and [illegible] and useful positions in the churches [illegible] this land and churches all over the [illegible] (Volley.) I think I shall give up [illegible] squeamishness, and as they have [illegible] me with sheep-stealing, set [illegible] steal in earnest; but I only want [illegible] ones! (Laughter.)

In India I find the following [illegible] the soul-saving for nine months of [illegible] year:—Out of a total of 4,673 converts there have been 263 Europeans, 317 [illegible] Catholics, 592 native Christians, [illegible] raw heathen. (Applause). In this [illegible] ber 862 souls consisted of 5 per cent [illegible] testant, 1½ Roman Catholic, &c., [illegible] raw heathen.

We are endeavoring to do something [illegible] the way of social work there. We [illegible] Prison Gate Brigade with eight of [illegible] and two Homes, and between 300 [illegible] prisoners have been received into [illegible] during the last year.

These comrades on the platform, all volunteers, are going out, that they [illegible] spend and be spent in the service of [illegible] Christ, in helping to bring Hindoos [illegible] Mahommedans to believe in Him. [illegible] for them your prayers; I ask for [illegible] your blessings; I ask for them your [illegible] tributions! (Volley).

It has been printed and said that [illegible] work is inimitable, that the devotion [illegible] Salvation Army officers is lovely, is [illegible] like; but that it is cruel for us at [illegible] quarters to send them forth to [illegible] to die. In reply to all that, I simply mark—

We Challenge

the returns of all the missionary societies in existence, and we are prepared to [illegible] that in point of longevity, health, [illegible] these sort of things the Salvation [illegible] come out to very great advantage [illegible] long way ahead of some of the [illegible] societies who live after the [illegible] fashion and cost from between £200 [illegible] £300, and sometimes £400 and [illegible] annum. That is a challenge! Let [illegible] accept it! (Volley).

Then they say it is wrong to [illegible] out to beg. Am I not a beggar? (Laughter). Was I not to the manner born? [illegible] they preach a sermon for me [illegible] very properly take the text, "And [illegible] beggar died"? (Much laughter).

If they go to beg their food at the [illegible] of the natives and thereby win their [illegible] dence, and gain the opportunity of [illegible] versing with men and women, is [illegible] quite as legitimate as the efforts to [illegible] you which we always are making? (Laughter). And is not God a great beggar? [illegible] He not been begging of some of you [illegible] many a day to give Him your hearts? [illegible] He not said, "Will you serve Me?" [illegible] He get anything out of you without [illegible] ting you for it? Hasn't He begged [illegible] to give your children up to be missionaries for Him?

We are doing His work, we have [illegible] blessing, and a success which proves [illegible] we have God with us, and that we [illegible] the right lines. We are doing something at least, to bring the Saviour [illegible] Master and Saviour of the world! (Volleys).

What About Sunday Clothes

Somebody wants to know if I've [illegible] Sunday suit of clothes. No! I've [illegible] saved from the traditions of the elders [illegible] some time and have not had a Sunday [illegible] for six years. It seems to me that [illegible] of all days is not the time Salvationists should sport good clothes—rather the contrary—old clothes should be worn [illegible] day, seeing we do more meetings, [illegible] more marches, get into contact with [illegible] mud, dust, or rotten eggs as the case [illegible] be, and do more kneeling than any [illegible] day. I defy any man to do much [illegible] praying for souls who has to think [illegible] spoiling his trousers, and who has to [illegible] out his handkerchief, or place a War [illegible] (borrowed generally) on the floor to [illegible] down on, and then generally on one [illegible] at a time. No brother, "Sunday clothes" are a capital tool for the devil to [illegible] the soul saving work. Tradition [illegible] hard even in the Salvation Army and [illegible] devil is very anxious to keep the "Sunday clothes tradition" in full health.

Bailey.

Social Reform.

By the Commissioner.

[illegible] effort! Yes, I consider this a [illegible] and most complete scheme for raising up the poor, down-trodden part of [illegible]ity that seems to be crushed and [illegible] on every hand.

[illegible] sure there are thousands of men, women, and children, waiting and watching for some streak of light to lead them out of their terrible condition and give [illegible] chance in life. The way is fast [illegible] opened up by God through the dear [illegible] S.A. Many a time, both before and since coming to Canada, I have heard the [illegible] wail, "Oh, if I had a chance I would do what was right." Well, what a [illegible]. At last everyone on earth can have [illegible] chance. I have never seen a case too [illegible] for Jesus. Drunkards, harlots, thieves, [illegible] adulterers, and all kinds of sinners, [illegible] seen the Blood cleanse and make [illegible] into

Real, Good, Holy Citizens.

[illegible]! Real living men and women [illegible] have been changed, in the twinkling of an eye, from a lion into a lamb, from [illegible] a beast into a pure child of God. [illegible] to the Lamb! This still goes on. Our Social Reform Branch in Canada is only a little rivulet that runs from

The Great Social River

[illegible] is being sent through every country, [illegible] we thank God for what our eyes have [illegible].

[illegible] "Red Maria" runs well. A friend [illegible] telling me the other day he had [illegible] a striking contrast. He had seen [illegible] "Black Maria" jolting along—the picture of misery. Rattling, and all one side, it reminded him of terrible agony, but close behind it came the "Deliverer" as our [illegible] is called bright and cheerful looking, driven by a proper Salvationist. It rolled along saying by its presence, "Our work is a work of mercy and for Jesus." This is only what is taking place in the lives of many who are coming under our hands from time to time. Men have been brought from

Behind the Prison Bars,

[illegible] are to-day professing to be delivered from sin, and are striving to live alone for the glory of God.

Our Rescue Homes, five in number, are [illegible] in full swing gathering in the lost [illegible] dying. Women are being helped to [illegible] lives, girls are being helped out of [illegible] unfortunate positions, and many are being constantly sent out to respectable [illegible]ations, and are doing well—praising [illegible] for deliverance and peace.

Our Children's Shelter has already been much blessed by God. We have fifteen children in it at present, and still they come. The great sorrow of our officers is that we have repeatedly to refuse admitting children day after day on account of the accommodation being so small. We are believing to improve this by-and-by.

[illegible] Enquiry Department still

Records Lost Friends Found

[illegible] wanderers restored to friends and [illegible].

This is very encouraging indeed, and [illegible] us onward, and makes us feel that [illegible] has some wonderful triumphs in store [illegible] ahead.

Oh! for a united faith in God that our [illegible] may be supplied. Let every officer, [illegible], and friend lay our Social Reform [illegible] before God, and if you cannot be a [illegible] officer, send for a collecting box to [illegible]quarters, and do all you can to raise [illegible] some financial help to send along this [illegible] faster.

I don't think I should do much explana[illegible] as to the need of this kind of work. [illegible] streets of our cities and towns run [illegible] sin, and something must be done to [illegible] the current. Wounded hearts need [illegible] sympathy and care. Men with blasted [illegible] need a word of cheer and encourage[illegible] from someone. Thousands need help [illegible] to lead them to Christ, Who is the only [illegible] of deliverance from

Evil Passions and Habits.

[illegible] Him. He is still able and willing to [illegible], save to the uttermost ALL who will [illegible].

Have you ever done anything practical [illegible] the Lord? If not, here is your chance. [illegible] of opportunities open up before [illegible] in the work. We are pressingly in [illegible] of

Rescue Officers—Females,

[illegible] who will come and at the Master's [illegible] go forth and bring unto Him these [illegible] outcast ones. Have you any desire [illegible] save them? Then come and help us. [illegible] linger by the horrid cesspool and [illegible] gazing on in mute horror—you can[illegible] save one soul like that. Give God your [illegible], your hands, your feet, your talents, [illegible] all and follow Him. Here is an open [illegible]. Write us and we will advise you.

[illegible] Mines, has had to take his stand before the police magistrate, but God gave him the victory.

Capt. Flossie Johnson on arriving from down east to take charge of Coaticooke was warmly received by the soldiers and friends. She found a debt of $20 on the corps. Setting to work with letter of introduction and collecting book she was enabled to rejoice at the end of the week over the debt being wiped off.

A poor drunk, with face cut and covered with blood and dirt, who had just spent $250 in six weeks, got saved in Hamilton I. on a recent Saturday night. He was the first to knee-drill on Sunday, and was in every march and meeting during the day telling how God had saved him.

A dear comrade, who is engineer on board of one of the government steamers in Quebec, got saved in the S. A., and of course attended all the meetings he could. His superior officers, as well as those with whom he worked, saw the change in his life. Some one called at the office to see our comrade one day; he wasn't in, but Mr. G. said, "H. H. could always be found on board the D—— or at the Salvation Army." This was a good testimony and spoke volumes for our engineer comrade. God bless you, Harry; let your light shine, and others can't fail to be blessed.

A man or woman may be pronounced *mean* when he or she takes back anything given to God, or appear to be what they are not. The devil has a great army of soft-headed men, but they have hard hearts. God wants men and women who can say "No!" to the devil.

Capt. Stephens has just acquainted us with the fact that 77 children recently attended one of her J. S. meetings at Toronto V. God bless the children!

Eight varieties of kisses are mentioned in the Bible, namely:—

Salutation, in I. Samuel xx. 41.
Valediction, in Ruth i. 9.
Reconciliation, in II. Samuel xiv. 33.
Subjection, in Psalms ii. 12.
Approbation, in Proverbs xxiv. 26.
Adoration, in I. Kings xix. 18.
Treachery, in Matthew xxvi. 49.
Affection, in Genesis xiv. 15.

Don't fail to send in your order for the new almanac for 1891. It is a beauty. You had better increase your order for the Christmas WAR CRY. It will be a startling issue. I am well saved. Hallelujah!

WAR SCRIBE.

Those Nap Overcoats, Woollen lined, big Collar and deep Cape at $17.00. Solid comfort.

A Voice from Montreal Rescue Home.

We arrived here on Thanksgiving morning, depending entirely upon God for strength, wisdom and knowledge, feeling our own weakness, knowing all must come from Him. We found quite a bit of furniture in the Home. We have been busy cleaning and collecting. Montreal people are

Very Kind and Liberal.

It is now three weeks since we came. We have six women in, each coming in under the influence of liquor, some worse than others. We had two others, but they would not stay. Four of these women have got saved, and there is such a change in them every way. They are all so cheerful and happy, eager and willing to learn and know more of Christ. They pray at knee-drill. When they first started they were weak and trembling, but day by day we can see them getting stronger. They

Look Forward to the Meetings

with great eagerness and anticipation. Some kind friends sent us this week a new hall-stove. We all were so thankful, as we were getting cold, but our Father is good to His children and provides all our wants. We are having wonderful victory day by day in our own souls also. Jesus is more precious, the work dearer and heaven nearer. Hallelujah. Yours to rescue the fallen,

Capt. M. L. OBERT.

MUSIC!

No. 145.—"Pardon Through the Blood," "I'll Follow Thee."

No. 146.—"Hark! the Herald Angels Sing," "Christians Awake," "Oh, the Mercy of God."

No. 147.—"Nativity," "Helmsley," "Brightest and Best."

No. 148.—"Brave and True,"

About the General's New Book.

(From the latest English Cry.)

BY J. PEN.

The manager of our publishing offices asks us to express to our readers, who have ordered copies of "In Darkest England," his sincere regret at his present inability to execute their orders.

Some of the wholesale houses say the demand for the book is unprecedented, and we can readily believe this, for already two editions of 10,000 and 40,000 respectively have been exhausted, and a third edition of 50,000 is being printed—30,000 of those are already ordered.

Our publishing offices have been in a state of siege ever since the book was issued, and the wails of would-be purchasers have been pitiable. Only yesterday we heard one of the largest city retail booksellers pleading most lamentably for "only a few copies." The manager, out of sheer inability to supply, had to hard-heartedly say. "Can't, can't, can't!" whereupon the stationer, preparatory to leaving said, "You know the two hundred I got last? How long do you think I had them before they were sold?" "Don't know," responded the manager; "not long." "Two hours," and the man from the city pulled his hat over his head and was gone. Fancy, selling 3s. 6d. books over the counter at the rate of one and a half per minute! This is about a record, we should think.

Dropping into a booksellers shop the other day, and seeing a copy of "In Darkest England" on the counter, we casually asked how the book was selling. "Selling, sir! why we never had such a sale for a book before. This is about the last of our second supply, and when we shall get any more is a doubtful matter," was the reply.

"Have you read it?" we queried.

"Oh,yes,sir; I should just think I have, and enjoyed it immensely. What a wonderful man the General must be! He ought to have the money he asks for,and he'll get it, too, and I believe the scheme will succeed," ran on the little enthusiast at express speed.

Many unable to get copies in the country have wired direct for them. One individual of note, whose order it was not possible to execute promptly, wrote a pitiful letter, by next day's post, saying how he had wasted a day, sitting in the house waiting for the postman's knock announcing the arrival of the longed-for book.

The third edition will be ready on Thursday, the 27th inst. Those desirous of securing a copy should order immediately, as it will be a case of first come first served.

NOTES OF NINE DAYS' BATTLE

(At Norwich and Otterville.)

Rainy weather, of course; it is fall, you know; but in winter or summer, sunshine or rain, our love for the perishing is always the same.

While Lieut. was selling CRYS at the outpost an old lady about eighty years of age testified of the blessings she received through the CRY, and said there was wonderful help in it, especially for Christians.

In the meeting on Sunday night each soldier read some passage of Scripture and commented on it, while some others sang solos. It was very interesting as well as instructive.

The soldiers feel prepared to do anything for Jesus' sake.

The D. O. led a soldiers' meeting on Tuesday night.

Eleven stood for sanctification in the same meeting.

The Scribe came down for Wednesday night, and with D. O., myself and Lieut., we went to the outpost.

We marched out nine strong, viz: D. O., Scribe, myself, Lieut., Candidate Ritchie, two cornets, one drum and one torch.

D. O. was announced to speak on the S. A. schemes, but believed in letting them speak for themselves, and piled into the sinners with some powerful truths.

A man at O——, after years of privileges, has died without hope and gone to reap——What?

At N—— a lecture on the "War Horse" was announced for Thursday night (Thanksgiving Day) by the Captain. A good crowd came, but we will let others praise him.

The Woodstock band boys came to O—— for Saturday night. Mud, rain, or snow didn't stop them; in fact, they came without their supper, too. (Self-denial, boys.)

No. doubt the D. O. will tell you the rest, so I'll pass on, only saying, "God bless you, boys."

Scribe Peard came to N—— for Saturday. He is a little band by himself. Music played for Jesus' sake is grand.

One soul on Saturday night (a Magdalene.)

Scribe prayed at knee-dril, "Lord, make this a day of power." He did.

Three more added to the roll (enroled) on Sunday afternoon.

Capt. Jim Dougherty didn't forget to give the devil some arrows with sharp points.

Good crowds afternoon and night, deep interest; results sure to follow.

Lieutenant reports biggest crowds yet at O——. The two Methodist ministers attended his meetings on Sunday night.

JOE.

Extracts from Old Letters.

DEAR WAR CRY.—How varied and differing are the means God uses in comforting and encouraging His people. A single verse of Scripture has stood out in letters of fire, bringing to my soul assurances of His presence and readiness to help on to victory, or inspiring to trust and confidence when treading paths of which I knew little, save that they were the paths of His choosing. A few words of kindness spoken, an object lesson drawn from His care of the animals of the lower kingdom, or a few lines of Spiritual correspondence from a Spiritual friend.

Many times has He spoken to me from the pen of a superior in words of counsel and advice, and that same voice came to me, teaching me lessons of patience and trusting a note written by a humble child of God. I have been looking over some of them today, and I find two or three years of being cramped in a small wooden box, has not silenced the voice that spoke through them, for again they have spoken living, burning words to my soul. Dear WAR CRY, your pages are scanned by thousands of needy souls. It may be in these words, penned by divine men and women, *they may find what I have found.*

"Extracts."

DEAR ——,

I suppose you will have farewelled from —— for some other part of the field. You, no doubt, have had your eyes specially opened to see the state the world is in, the hardened, careless, indifferent condition of the people. Well now, in order to cope with this state of affairs, we must have special power, and in order to have special power, we must wait on God for special light, and when we receive it and obey it to the very point, we shall have a foundation to build our faith upon, to grasp God for something extraordinary, to enable us to meet the powers of darkness, and that with success. Thank God, at His table there are extras to be had. So many are satisfied with the ordinary blessing, if they only keep even with others, it will do. Oh, may you be one of the number who will not be satisfied with less than something extraordinary. I pray that you may be wonderfully used of Him.

Affect. Yours, ——.

"This mighty and fierce war that we are engaged in demands that each of us as officers should throw ourselves unreservedly into each other's confidence and love, and with red hot determination make an attack upon the strong holds of sin."

"Do not give the devil one inch of ground. 'Let patience have her perfect work, that you may be entire wanting nothing.'"

"I am convinced if we want to see souls saved we must pray."

"Read Doctrines and Discipline of the Army. Live it out in your every day life, and I have no doubt you will be of great blessing."

"In closing I would earnestly entreat you to look well to your own soul. Keep your heart fixed on God and divine things, and let your motto be 'forward.'"

"Keep low at the Master's feet. Seek from Him wisdom, grace and power, to help you conquer the foe."

"I am glad you are so certain that you are where God wants you. Always remember, God tries and tests before He trusts with success. And to those who trust in the dark hours He gives victory."

"The other day things were looking dark, and I felt my weakness so much. I went to God and He gave me these blessed promises, 'The hills shall be removed, the mountains shall fall, but My Kingdom shall not depart from thee.' Don't get discouraged. Face trials, face difficulties, face temptations, face the devil, and He Who is for us will give you victory."—G. S.G.

All who have tried the Military Cape, with deep Collar at $6.00.

Canon Farrar

— ON —

"IN DARKEST ENGLAND."

BOUND TO HELP,

— OR —

FIND A BETTER.

It was not difficult to see, as early as half-past one on Sunday afternoon last, that something was about to take place in Westminster Abbey. A friendly policeman informed the "Cry" man, who, of course, was there, that the service in the fine old pile of buildings did not commence till three o'clock, but that as Canon Farrar was announced to preach, and upon such an all-absorbing topic as General Booth's new book, people were bent upon securing a good position by being in time.

The "Cry" man at once began to scan the class of people the arrivals belonged to. The ones immediately around the door were evidently regular frequenters—their gilt-edged prayer-books betokened them *habitues* of the place. They were clearly afraid of losing their usual seat. Turning from the knot at the door, he marched along one of the paths, to meet a very individual specimen of the agricultural class-ses. His peculiar gait spoke undeniably of his many excursions behind a plough, and with his wife on one arm, and a little wicker basket, probably containing precious wishbone, would be consumed when a suitable seat had been secured inside, on the other, he seemed to say, "We are up from the country, bent on learning something about these General Booth and his schemes."

The decidedly nasal twang of the question, "Can you direct me to the door where I admits the public?" showed the man of the "Cry" then that American cousins were not among the uninterested ones, as, with swarthy faces, and dark, well-trimmed moustaches, of other individuals proclaimed the interest taken in social matters, and especially salvation social matters, by the natives of the Southern European countries.

Some three-quarters of an hour before the service commenced, the gigantic building was crowded, and the trumpeting multitudes only arrived at the doors to find a crowd waiting for the least opportunity of getting in. It was reported that thousands were turned away.

Canon Farrar had announced his subject, as "Social Amelioration," and at the outset stated that he alone was responsible for the opinions he proposed to express in connection with General Booth's scheme. In a very masterly and eloquent way he pictured the social evils which disfigure our civilisation, the small and ineffectual efforts being put forth for their removal, and the universal responsibility resting upon us as a nation to do our utmost to forward any scheme which appeared likely to effect an amelioration. He proceeded—

"Still, here was general Booth's scheme, which he had conceived, and which, as he had been deeply struck. He pitied the cold heart which could read and not be stirred by "Darkest England." In his best judgment he believed the scheme to be full of promise if the necessary funds were provided, and he merely mention it as his humble duty to render the undertaking such aid as he could.

Many such schemes been proposed by a member of the Church of England, he should have given it every support. He regarded the scheme as supplementary, interfering with the work of the Church, as progress for, not hindering, the Church's work. The scheme, although Christian scheme could be wholly disinited from religion, was yet most prominently a social scheme; its origin was the Salvation Army, but it was intended to promote the work of the common church.

Was the scheme to be thrown out contemptuously at once on account of prejudice, because it emanated from the Salvation Army? If any thought so, he would ask them not, but he for one declared he could not shake off prejudice. He was perhaps more widely separated from some of the methods of the Salvation Army than many of his brethren, but the work of the Army had not been unblessed, and there was much that might be learned from an organisation which in so short a time had accomplished so great a work. He dwelt upon the nature of the Salvation Army's work, the officers who were exerting themselves in connection with it, the numerous countries to which the organization had spread. The Salvation Army in its work and extent had credentials which could not be denied. Were they to stand coldly, frigidly aside because they were too refined and nice, and full of culture to touch this work of the Salvation Army with the point of the finger? He took it that he should fall grievously in his duty if prejudice or self-interest caused him to hold aloof from any movement which Christ, if He had been on earth, would not approved.

Then Dr. Farrar quoted the late Bishop Lightfoot and the late Canon Liddon in favor of the Salvation Army as an organization which had accomplished a lot of good work.

Next he asked, "How shall we receive General Booth's scheme now that it is here to our hands?" With some people the simplest way to treat any scheme for good was to leave it alone. To those who took that position with reference to General Booth's scheme he had nothing whatever to say. There was no need for saying anything whatever to the other class of people who would talk about a scheme, and having talked about it drop the matter, and think no more about it.

Another way in which General Booth's scheme might be received was that of examining it, and if convinced against it of rejecting it. That, at all events, was perfectly manly course; a clear and decided method of reception which there can be no mistaking. To those included in this class, those who would regard the scheme as migratory or pernicious, there was nothing to be said. But what about those who if not mean to help in this or any other scheme, those who left others the burden of the work, the opportunities they would want to step in when the breach had been made? There, no doubt, there would be such a class, but the last way of receiving General Booth's scheme, and the way which as he trusted it would be received, was to support it by their presence, and give to it of their means. It was an immense and far-reaching scheme, which might bring some help and hope to thousands the helpless and hopeless, made helpless and hopeless by the terrible conditions of social society, but for every one of whom Christ died.

To begin the scheme in earnest would require a sum of £100,000, but he asked—"What was that to the wealth of England—to the wealth of London?" It was a mere drop in the ocean compared to what was every year spent on drink and wasted in extravagance. There were a hundred men in England who might immortalise themselves by giving this sum, and yet not have a luxury the less. He left the response to General Booth's appeal with the public, but would it not, he asked, be a desperate shame for England if any scheme such as this, with a promise of social amelioration should fail without a trial, and like a broken promise, be lost in air?

But to this observer there was only one reply in the form of a queried objection, "The scheme might fail." *Yes, it might fail; anything might fail. Was not our Saviour's loyalty and hatred meant failure, then St. Paul failed. If to die in the stern moral failure, then Luther and Wesley failed. Whitfield failed, if to die at the stake by the flames meant failure, then not the martyrs fail? Finally, if to die on the cross with the priests and the soldiers spitting out hatred, was all failure, then Jesus Christ failed.* Yes, the scheme might fail; but what did this fail to do? Were there among them bold enough to look beyond the possibility of failure? Could they not see beyond, and rise above the petty jealousy and suspicion and intolerance and despair were counsellors finding multitudes to listen to them, and hopeful hearts to the nobler counsels for "Hope." Were some of them bold enough at the last moment to prefer action to inaction, and hope this to the most brilliant success in pleasing the world and making a truce with the devil? He would say he hoped that the scheme might not fail, but what each one had to consider was the question, "Shall it fail through my cowardice, through my sluggishness, my prudential cautiousness, my petty prejudices, my selfish conventionality?"

"If, on examining this plan in the light of conscience, we see in it any suggestion of the removal of the deadly evils which are at the heart of our civilization, it seems to me we are bound to do our utmost to help it forward. 'But, you say, you can in conscientiously disapprove of it?' Then we are in duty bound to propose or to forward

Something Better.

One way only is contemptible and accursed—that is, to make a mere excuse for envy, malice and depreciation.

He that heareth, let him hear; and he that forbeareth, let him forbear; but God shall be the judge between us, and His voice says in Scripture, 'If thou forbear to deliver those that are drawn unto death, and those who are ready to be slain, if thou say, Behold we knew not, doth not He that ponderetheth the heart consider it, and He that keepeth thy soul doth not He know it, and shall not He render to every man according to his works?"

The General's New Book,

"In Darkest England and the Way Out."

It is a beauty, and is having a wonderful circulation. We shall soon be able to supply this book to our officers, soldiers and friends. The time of its arrival will be made known. Send along your order at once.

London Weekly Letter.

NO. 29.

(FROM OUR INTERNATIONAL WAR CORRESPONDENT.)

My dear Comrades throughout the World:

There is so much important news to hand from Canada that I am obliged to concentrate it to a jelly, and you must, please, water it with your own reasons and imaginative ideas. This paragraph, for instance, is as condensed as Bovril or Liebeg.

The Commissioner and Staff have had some wonderful seasons of power in the East. Hurricanes of blessing. Fifty souls in the fountain. Buildings crowded. Thousands on line of marches. Enthusiasm increased, and we anticipate that hundreds of souls will have been born into the Kingdom before the Eastern tour is over.

It however causes me very deep sorrow to report to you the sudden promotion from the Canadian battlefield to glory of one of our most beloved and faithful officers—Capt. Cicero Jones. He was a tried and faithful warrior, ever ready to help others and bless those around him. We can ill spare men with such brave and noble hearts, but God does all things well. We mourn for him, but our Army is strengthened yonder. The Captain had just returned from a meeting when he was attacked with bleeding of the lungs, and in a few minutes he dropped dead on the floor. Your prayers, I am sure, will ascend to the Throne of God that the friends of our beloved comrade will be cheered and comforted by the very God of peace and of all comfort.

I must hold over the record of the wonderful advances being made in the work of Social Reform in the Dominion for another letter.

* * *

I fully expected, after the terrible persecution Major and Mrs. Oliphant and other comrades had endured so heroically for Christ's sake in Tenerife, Spanish Isles, their cup would run over with joy before they left it, and I am not at all disappointed. We have all reason to be thankful to you! victory after victory, peak towering majestically above peak in the style of Blackmore's celebrated Lorna Doone, and I take it from the end of the report of the campaign—

"Be very thankful to God for the 400 who have come forward for Salvation and Holiness. The opposition and persecution have ceased, and Christ's cause is nothing less than a gigantic proof of the genius of the Army and the splendid devotion of a noble band of Christian soldiers. The President's report has wonderfully cleared the atmosphere. The opposition has ceased, and the Army can be no doubt that we shall go faster ahead than ever. All real obstacles are now removed. The way is open. No marked advance. There is unity of spirit amongst officers and soldiers, while the fame of aggression, soldiering and soldiers making threatens to consume the whole division with Salvation. All along the line we have received messages of sympathy to the General and yourself and family. The affection has grown and strengthened. We have shed tears that the officers charged me on Friday morning to convey their expression of love and sympathy to the General and yourself and family. The affection has grown and strengthened. We have shed tears that the officers charged me on Friday morning to convey their expression of love and sympathy to the General and yourself and family. (Love and Faithfulness).

* * *

South America will be captured, but not before the bodies of some of our officers are lying peacefully under its soil. Some of them are at Buenos Ayres. Every where the cry is, "When will there be another meeting?" But Major Barritt has left Montevideo for the question, as he has turned his Headquarters into a tent, and day and night he has toiled on as a nurse amongst his wife and his band of faithful officers who are stricken with fever, small-pox, and dyphtheria. The Army has spread through the City of Buenos Aires, and many are stricken down. The noble Bonnett and Mrs. Barritt are contending "life and death—" but life for evermore" is their longings. Staff-Capt. Evans was summoned from Rio Janeiro to Major Barritt's aid to carry on business and attend to the wants of the few who had not taken the disease, and keep them isolated until the pestilence had abated. It has been a terrible strain, but up to the present time there is every hope that all our dear comrades will survive the ravages of this terrible epidemic. Major Barritt has recovered under the doctors, and has attended to his own patients, while the water treatment and packs with the greatest benefit, and has toiled unceasingly. Such heroism deserves your prayers, thanks and help in this dispensation of trial. Meanwhile the prayer of the church's litany comes home to our minds with urgency, "From plague, pestilence and famine, good Lord deliver us."

* * *

I must set off against the foregoing chaos, a brilliant sunshine picture of the opening of LeRochelle, a town in the south of France, the Bay of Biscay, in the confederation of 22,465, and in the province of Charente inferieure. The meeting was an unmarkable one from a Salvation Army of view. I hardly know how to do it. A meeting of swells—Sir Lady Swells have souls, and all souls. It was almost entirely composed of men belonging to the fashionable society at the Rochelle, headed by the leading authorities. In short, a kind of mayor-and-corporation-and-church meeting we are accustomed to England, but free from civic pride, "the pompe and vanities of this world."

The French meeting was a Salvation affair in honor of the Salvation Army advent into the town. The principal members of the Prefecture (County Council), as well as the Town Council, together with the Chief Commissioner, Police and his Secretary, All Nations, the press, attended the meeting. The end. Our Rochefort Salvationists stated that the audience was very great and with a burst of unanimity and pleasure at times if an opportunity had been given, (and we can only wonder why opportunity was not given—God sees it, but they were too well bred, of course, to take "French leave" of their own accord, and spell-bound until the end of the meeting.

What will be the outcome of this meeting, we cannot yet know. God grant that souls may be saved.

* * *

I have omitted all reference to "the last England" this week, so as not to anticipate the meeting at Exeter Hall, Fifth inst., which is to be held to congratulate the General's return. The week on the whole has been characterized by much spiritual sunshine. Our very first realisation of Heaven will be a dearer; and as relatively and collectively we ascend towards the goal, there will be some rest, as we can attend to individually we keep steering in the direction. O. B.

MAJOR BAUGH REACHES MONCTON.

He Says Good-bye to Kingston Kind C.P.R. Officials—A Welcome at Moncton.

My Dear Editor:

There is an old saying which is true in some cases, but not in all in many others. That is, "Absence makes the heart grow fonder," but I am sorry to say that some people do not know that you are not forgotten by God, bless you. Before I left Kingston Division I had invited them to go to a few places and say good bye, but the first, but as that was reported before I left, I will say good bye Beth and have had some good times. This time Adjt. Taylor from Training Home was expected to come to help him, and say good-bye at the station.

The next place was Picton. In many old memories crowded in upon me, I must just pass on by saying I commissioned the local officers all good-bye.

They reach Bloomfield too. God gave evidence of His presence in the council and the local officers have also.

Then at Gananoque I spent a week and rejoiced with my people.

Number of New Converts

The Captain told me they had over 100 converts since the Army came, and I report them all but two. Go ahead! Gananoque with your companions and greets all the dear people I left, I heard and felt that God will with you. Yesterday last but not least comes Kingston. There are some good people, and they have learned to love this place, so I spent Saturday and Sunday in Kingston at the place of my first work, Bandmaster and Mrs. Ingersoll, Mrs. Ward, I presented their babies to God. May God bless Kingston and Mrs. Staples my prayer. We had big crowds but not indeed to come from

The Seat of the Scourge

On Friday, the 21st, we started for home, Moncton, and I am happy to report that all our family are well and we dreaded it, yet the C.P.R. good route and the officials very civil and kind. We got home Saturday, 22nd, at 5 p.m., safe and sound. Dodge and Hunter met us at Moncton washed and refreshed, and are ready to fight against the Devil. Glad to see to be my pentecost form after closing let me say good-bye comrades Kingston Division, good-bye Dodge, Hunter, and Skinner. God bless D.O. McIntyre. Amen.

THE SALVATION DRUM.

BY R. L. VICKERS.

Hark! Hear the drum's proud tone,
Joyous in its call to war,
Swells have souls, and all souls
Have, as leaders are.

Ye champions of our God,
Have no retreat to-day!
Onward, where heroes, martyrs trod;
Marks the narrow way.

Men, ye braves, through foes and fire:
Look of Le Cloro to-day!
Cast off this saintly desire—
Bring, nor run away.

Sound! drummers, strike! roll out the sound,
Blessed of the Lord;
Where true Gospel joys are found,
Of the living Word.

Saints, thy notes are full of joy,
Tell of victories won;
Where in sin, thy souls are sunny,
Shine thy bell begun.

Soldiers tremble at thy voice,
Tells of wrath to come;
Calls the penitent rejoice,
Calls the wanderer home.

Soft thy sympathetic note
Opens the lone pilgrim's way,
Bears and Alps, and plains remote,
Bids him hasten and pray.

Glorious drum! I love thy call,
Thou hast a prophet's voice,
Saint and sinner, out and all,
Thou hid'st us all rejoice.

Faithful drum! may thy glad lea
Sound round the world in peace,
Early glad tones yet louder hum,
Thy victories never cease!

Yours to second line of third verse—
Drunk of LeCloro to-day." LeCloro was the name of a well-known drink in France in 1873. He was a wool-carder. He regarded Ex. xx. 4, 23, 24, as addressed to himself—viz.: "Thou shalt not make unto me any graven image," . . . but then he utterly overthrew them and quite knocked down their image." He did so; and when challenged confessed the deed. For this he was condemned to be burnt alive. Then off with his hand at the wrist, cut off his nose with red-hot pincers, pulled his arm with the pincers, breaking the bones in several places, cut out his heart, and consumed the remainder in a furnace. What then were seeking to exhaust their cruelty upon his body, he with holy fortitude and Christian patience exclaimed "Ps. 4—9, and with such effect that believers were encouraged, and his enemies frightened and fled. Christ was the sustaining power of this grace, which enabled him to turn his sorrowful into triumphs, and his death into victory. (See Daubigne's Reformation, Vol. 2, 569—574.

STORIES OF THE WAR.

BY RANGER.

III.

We return once more to the M— Division where the trophy of grace of whom I will speak this time was brought to

N— had not always been in the school, debased condition in which the Lord found him, and a man he was proprietor of a woollen mill and moved in the milieu of respectable society. But he was one of those who "sin and sin" many thousands low, got hold of him, down, down he came, until position and prospects all were lost.

How strange it is and yet how true that, made in the image and likeness of God, man can sink down to be a little

Lower than the Brute;

how beautiful the thought that when he sink to the lowest condition the Salvation Army God can raise man again higher than the position from which he has fallen.

Not to return to our hero. Drink became his master, and he was dead to heaven all that was right that one day while was drunk and not knowing what he was doing he married a low French woman. Alcohol, if you can, his feelings on finding what he had done. We know not what he felt, but we do know that from that he became a wanderer on earth, and he be crossed the continent to British Columbia. Misfortune followed him, and he returned home without money, a slave to drink, a wreck of his former self.

But the day of deliverance was at hand and D— was soon to taste the joy of liberty.

Salvation Army?" With what an amount of contempt some people can say those two words, and yet what joy the name of our God-loving organization raises to the hearts of the thousands it has been instrumental in raising from sin and degradation to respectability and manhood.

It was the Army that led our comrade to the Saviour, and this is the way it happened:

Our little warrior who had led Frank to Christ was then stationed in the town and his friends entreated D— to go to the barracks. He went. The Spirit of God took hold of him and he came to the penitent form. It is possible that liquor had

So Blunted His Senses

that he could not believe, or that he was not willing to make a complete surrender, but certain it is that he did not get saved. Captain prayed till she could say no more, but he went away unsaved.

The next night found him at the penitent form more anxious than ever for God set him free. The slave of drink, who had lost all that men value most, was delivered, and was now a new creature in Jesus his Saviour.

Sweet as us if you will, treat us with contempt, if you like, but remember that thousands like D— have been brought to God by our instrumentality, and that "They that turn many unto righteousness," etc.

"THE JEW FIRST."

(Romans xi. 9).

A True Story of a S. A. Officer.

In a Western city of Ontario, a bright young Jew was attracted by an open-air meeting held by the Salvation Army. He was convicted of sin, which led to his further instruction in the Gospel, and his conversion and entire yielding to God. He now as singularly bold and fearless a Christian as formerly he was a prejudiced and bigoted Jew, and was ready to do or suffer for this. The fall rain with the severe frost penetrating the ground to such a degree that it keeps the ground cold, and the sun's heat gradually makes its way through it. The farmer does his part and God does His, and an abundant harvest is the result.

Thus it is in the spiritual harvest field also. God's husbandmen are doing their part and God is assuredly doing His, with the result the seed is taking root downward and bearing fruit up, and almost the harvest is almost at hand, when we are believing that many souls will be gathered into God's garner. Amen.

* * *

Moses Jaw is still marching on in spite of the devil and Capt. Isaacson and Lieut. Hanigan are to some cheering news, and are sure of victory.

At Brandon recently, we had a "harvest festival" when NINE souls were saved and 23 souls were blessed, and the city is alive under the command of Capt. Frith.

Rapid City under Capt. Arkell is rolling on and our numbers there are steadily swelling. The Capt. writes, "Come over to Rapid City and help us, the devil is enrolling three soldiers. I am as happy as a king, having just returned from a ten mile tramp, I was weary, but happy. Being without a Lieut. is rather lonely for flesh and blood, but God gives me power with the Spirit of God."

Lieut. Gooding, of Carberry is sick, and has been obliged to take a rest. Lieut. Hogg is holding up the colors in "C." and Our sales have increased, and we are praying and believing for a mighty victory in this rural field.

Capt. Flaws is making things hum at Portage la Prairie, but not as fast as we would, because the devil raises up difficulties to contend with, but they are only the hoarse croaking of Satan's Chief War Cry order and are in great expectation for the coming winter.

Brandon is a place where under Capt. Ivorach indicates a rise. Capt. Coate has his hands full in walking and riding in and out from Brandon to Souris, and he is live in, a state upon our charter of religious liberty which allows us all to worship God in the way we believe to be right. This Army is trying to reach those whom the church cannot reach, and to preach in the cars of the careless and carnal, the unsearchable riches of Christ, and whether we agree with their methods or not, we should all have sympathy with anything which tends to help anyone to live a noble and better life. I advise those who sit in judgment on The Salvation Army to read the 8th and 9th verses of the 8th chapter of Acts, and govern themselves accordingly. I am sir,

Yours respectfully,
A. E.

DISPATCHES FROM THE WEST.

Father Sam says, "If the devil was sentenced to be hanged, he has so many friends in Winnipeg they could obtain a reprieve for him," and although Salvation Army soldiers are in the minority, still they are far from being alone.

A few days ago we had a fair sample of the weather we may expect this winter. Although the cold is severe, still the breaking his waters, the results was, he blocked up the main thoroughfare, but the worthy policeman (a Catholic) took no notice of this.

The Army stood in a side street, and half blocked the roadway. The same worthy ground for a few inches, the busy farmers put in the grain, notwithstanding the fact that the ground underneath still remained frozen to the depth of three or four feet. As the sun gets more powerful the heat penetrates the ground, and the frost is compelled. Soon row after row of grain can be seen and in a very short time harvest is at hand. Few will appreciate sufficiently how it is that vegetation goes on during the summer months with scarcely any rain, but God in His providence works for this. The fall rain with the severe frost penetrating the ground to such a degree that it keeps the ground cold, and the sun's heat gradually makes its way through it. The farmer does his part and God does His, and an abundant harvest is the result.

Thus it is in the spiritual harvest field also. God's husbandmen are doing their part and God is assuredly doing His, with the result the seed is taking root downward and bearing fruit up, and almost the harvest is almost at hand, when we are believing that many souls will be gathered into God's garner. Amen.

* * *

Moose Jaw is still marching on in spite of the devil and Capt. Isaacson and Lieut. Hanigan are to some cheering news, and are sure of victory.

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Yours respectfully,
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Persecution at Amherst, N. S.

(What Adjutant Walder Writes About It.)

On my way to Amherst, from Chatham, I was informed that Captain Alward, of Amherst, had been summoned and convicted for disorderly conduct, and was before the Stipendiary Magistrate, and this worthy upholder of justice passed a fine of $2 and costs, or spend ten days in the Cumberland County Gaol.

What mocking the word "Justis" sounds when compared with the following: Amherst is a place of a few days previous to the above charge.

A vendor of a quack medicine stood right in the main street of this same town selling his wares, the results was, he blocked up the main thoroughfare, but the worthy policeman (a Catholic) took no notice of this.

The Army stood in a side street, and half blocked the roadway. The same worthy ground for a few inches, the busy farmers put in the grain, notwithstanding the fact that the ground underneath still remained frozen to the depth of three or four feet. As the sun gets more powerful the heat penetrates the ground, and the frost is compelled. Soon row after row of grain can be seen and in a very short time harvest is at hand. Few will appreciate sufficiently how it is that vegetation goes on during the summer months with scarcely any rain, but God in His providence works for this. The fall rain with the severe frost penetrating the ground to such a degree that it keeps the ground cold, and the sun's heat gradually makes its way through it. The farmer does his part and God does His, and an abundant harvest is the result.

The authorities of this pretty town in Nova Scotia pretend to be very pious, forbidding the Salvation Army, the instrumental people of the devil attended church the next day, Sunday, to carry out the Lord's work, and to help to avenge His people for such hellish designs as these, to persecute and hinder the people of God in rescuing the lost.

A man, unknown to the officer at the time, paid his fine and set free, and so the Captain was liberated.

* * *

The following, is an article from the "*Evening Press*," Amherst, N. S., about the affair:

DEAR SIR.—The trial, Saturday morning last, of the Salvation Army Capt. has led many people to think that the Army is really reached the civilization of the 19th century, or is it still grouping in the ignorance of the middle ages? Well, I hope

The petty charge would never have been brought up, only for the bigotry of one of the Justices of the Peace, which is no credit on anyone concerned in it. The Pharisees of old may be dead, but it looks as if there are some Pharisaical spirits here in Amherst, and perhaps if our Lord were to come here upon earth again and speak to them as He did to the Scribes and Pharisees of Matthew, some of them would want to have Him arrested too. They would not like to stand on the streets and say, "Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers how can ye escape the damnation of Hell." Men in authority are always a numerous troupe, or a circus company, or quack medicine vendor can come here and play music in broad day and sing songs on the streets, bring drunkenness and knavery in their train, and no one wants to arrest them, and no one would have paid a dollar to an obtruder the streets, or rob the people of their money, but the Army, because no unexpressed law, has a little difficulty in turning a horse on the corner where they begin to sing, and the Chief Warden of the Amherst Lodge of Gladstone, Golden Stream, Maple Grove. God is wonderfully blessing him.

Lieut. McGill has succeeded in raising the WAR CRY order at Emerson. The visiting has also been improved here. Some of the soldiers have moved away, and others are sick; but still the Lord is there and all the debts are paid. Thank God.

Capt. Rennie and Lieut. Frame are bravely holding the fort at Winnipeg. Lieut. has been sick for some time, but is getting better. Souls are being saved in nearly every meeting. Sergt. Waddell keeps the ball rolling along. Glad the spent Self-Denial week at Morden, helping Lieut. Wilton, while Capt. Harry took charge of Divisional headquarters during my absence on a tour.

Capt. Fay has been sick for some weeks. Lieut. O'Neil has been faithfully attending to him, he is getting on well, and with a little more rest he will be able to get back to the front again. Things are in good trim, and I every one is just boiling with expectation for the Commissioner's visit. Mighty times are expected. More anon.

—Major Morris.

A REAL GOOD BARGAIN.

Persons buying goods to the value of $5 from our War office stores, will receive a handsome present of one of the General's (except Darkest England), or Mrs. Booth's books. This does not include the Tailoring Department. Send along your order at once, and name the book you want.

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"ALL THE WORLD"

CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

Eighty Pages. Highly Illustrated, with Lithographed Cover.

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Mrs. Gilman's Last Christmas. Illustrated. By Mrs. Carleton.
Whom Else but Thee? Song. By Commandant H. H. Booth.
Office Notes.

Petty Pranks. At Amherst and Sussex two towns in the Eastern Provinces, some of our comrades have recently suffered persecution at the hands of those whose business it is to keep peace and quietness. These dignitaries should be men of grit and courage, but we leave our readers to judge as to their character, when we say that our comrades were brought before them and fined for obstruction, disturbing the peace, or some other petty frivolous charge. When will this kind of magistrates learn that in fighting against the Army they fight against God? The more they convict the faster we march on. God who is for us is greater than all who can be against us. Cheer up, comrades. Our Captain was spat upon, mocked, persecuted, dragged to the Bar. Are we any better than He?

Xmas in Toronto. It will be seen by a reference to our back page that the Commissioner will lead a big meeting in the Lippincott Street Barracks on Christmas night. This meeting will be preceded by another special time, "Three Hours at the Cross," led by Brigadier Margetts, commencing at 2 p.m. We feel confident that all our city soldiers and friends who can possibly get to one or both of these meetings will be richly blessed. Let us all go in for a practical merry Christmas, and as we gather at the Cross, remember its attraction, and take courage for future conflicts and warfare.

Two Dollar Guernseys for $1.75 for one month. Winter weight, and marked "Salvation Army."

ORIGINAL SALVATION SONGS.

1

BY C. M.

TUNE—*Bright Crowns.*

Come, Holy Ghost, with mighty power,
And overwhelm my heart;
Oh, fill me with Thy dying love,
And quicken every part.
(Repeat last line).

CHORUS.

Oh come, oh, come,
Reveal Thyself to me;
Just now descend,
And give me victory.

Oh, come and conquer self and pride,
And saturate me through,
That Calvary's spirit may be seen
In all I say or do.

Oh, come and give me fighting power,
And drive away all fear,
That I may boldly speak Thy Word
In every sinner's ear.

Oh, come and unbelief destroy,
With hallowed flames of fire,
And let me live to seek the lost,
And lift them from the mire.

2

BY H. P. B

TUNE—*Lord, I hear of Showers of Blessing.*

Lord, I come to Thee for cleansing,
Make me holy, pure and good;
Fill me with Thy Holy Spirit,
Cleanse me in Thy precious blood.
Bless me now,
Make me holy, make me good.

Fill me, Lord, with holy power,
Give me, Lord, more holy fire;
Help me live each day, each hour,
To rescue sinners from the mire.
Bless me now,
Save me, Jesus, higher and higher.

Give me, Lord, more holy boldness,
Teach my hands, dear Lord, to fight;
Make my feet to run with swiftness,
To spread the glorious gospel light.
Bless me now,
Guide me in the path that's right.

3

W., C.

TUNE—*We have got the S's on.*

Our Army brave still marches on,
With courage great and purpose strong,
While aloud we raise the song,
"We have got the S's on."

CHORUS.

We will not our colors hide,
We are on the winning side;
In king Jesus we confide,
We have got our S's on.

Our numbers, too, how fast they swell,
With brands plucked from the brink of hell,
Who love of Jesu's power to tell,
And so they put their S's on.

The past that was so black with sin,
Is blotted out, our hearts made clean;
And now the battle we must win,
We have got our S's on.

Our Army Mother, good and true,
Who fought beneath the red and blue;
And thousands won for God, she, too,
Loved to have her S's on.

A message she has left for you,
"For God and souls be brave and true;
Never shrink to dare or do,
And always have your S's on."

Yet many millions shall praise God
That through the Army and His Word,
They have been taught to love the Lord,
And gladly put the S's on.

4

BY CAPT. T. W.

TUNE—*Marching on in the light of God.*

Fighting on in the strength of God,
Fighting on, fighting on!
Winning souls through the precious blood,
Fighting, fighting on!
Soon the fighting will be o'er,
Then we'll rest on Canaan's shore,
There to sing for evermore
The praises of our King.
For Jesus is our Captain, we're His mighty band,
Fighting 'gainst the powers of darkness,
The victory we are sure to win—Jesus is our friend,
Fighting on with joy and gladness.

Fighting on through the scoffs and jeers,
Fighting on, fighting on!
Fighting on with our title clear,
Fighting, fighting on!
Fighting on with the crown in view,
Fighting on, fighting on!
To the end we'll be ever true,
Fighting, fighting on!

Fighting on with our Saviour-King,
Fighting on, fighting on!
Armed with His might we are sure to win,
Fighting, fighting on!

5

HARRY DAVIS.

TUNE—*Grace there is my every debt to pay.*

On the Cross for me my Lord was slain,
For my soul's Salvation bore the pain,
In my stead the shame enduring.
Pardon for my guilt procuring;
In His body on the tree He bore
My sins, and for me was wonderfully sore.
All God's wrath He did for me endure,
To save my soul.

CHORUS.

Yes it was for me that Jesus died,
For my sins and guilt was crucified,
For me cleansing blood flowed from His side,
For me, for me.

From His side there flowed a cleansing stream,
From sin's bondage my soul to redeem,
And by faith its virtue proving,
Every stain of sin removing;
I have got Salvation full and free,
For the Saviour lives and reigns in me,
And I trust the Blood of Calvary
To be kept clean.

And He fills me by His mighty power,
Keeps me by his precious Blood each hour,
All my needs in love supplying,
With His presence satisfying;
He is mine, and I am His, I know,
Cleansed from sin, I'm whiter than the snow
Faithful I'll serve Him till I go
To see his face.

6

BY CAPT. J. M. R.

TUNE—*"John Brown's Body."*

Some people say were doing wrong
By shouting everywhere,
And as we walk about the streets
Oh, how some people stare;
But we'll stick to The Army
And never run away.
Thank God, we are nicely saved.

CHORUS.

Glory, glory, hallelujah! etc.

Some people say it's very wrong
To wear a cap or band;
The guernsey and the cap are not
The fashion of the land.
We do not mind the fashions
For we are a happy band.
Thank God we're nicely saved.

Some people when they see the drum
They try to run away,
They say it's all excitement and
The Army will decay;
But if we still keep fighting on
We're sure to win the day,
Thank God we're nicely saved.

NO SHAM FIGHTING ABOUT THIS.

Nearly a year ago Geneva had made up its mind to expel us from the town, and surrounded the devoted little garrison and cadets for four days. It was a real warfare. A mob of four hundred men besieged the garrison house with sticks, crow-bars, and stones. Barricading within and destruction and bombardment went on without simultaneously night and day. Stones pierced the shutters, and

Lay in Piles in Every Room.

On the second day a lad, disguised as a rough, was let down in the dead of the night when the crowd was less, and mingling with the throng, made his way to the mayor for protection. The anxiety of the garrison was increased by the non-return of the messenger. Certain death, or, at least, serious bloodshed faced them on the fourth day. The mob had penetrated to the inner door. The garrison's last hope seemed to have fallen to the enemy, and to frighten the besiegers the men cadets threw some of the stones near enough to them to make them feel that they were alive at least. The Lord had heard the prayers of His beleaguered garrison, and thinking that the cadets meant to pour stones on their heads they made off with that fear peculiar to cowards and guilty souls generally

OFFICIAL GAZETTE

PROMOTIONS—

Lieut. Minnie Gordon, of Calgary, ... to be *Capt.*
Lieut. Thomas McGill, of Emerson, ... to be *Capt.*
Lieut. John Gage, of Carberry, ... be *Capt.*
Lieut. Kate Hynde, of Newcastle, ... be *Capt.*
Lieut. Asernia Rafuse, of Pugwash, ... to be *Capt.*
Lieut. John Davies, of St. John I., ... be *Capt.*
Lieut. Bella Morrison, of North Coaticook, P.Q., to be *Capt.*
Lieut. Lizzie Liddell, of Stanstead Junction, P.Q., to be *Capt.*
Lieut. Mary Richmond, of Bradford, ... *Capt.*
Lieut. Mollie Leslie, without appointment, to be *Capt.*
Lieut. David McAmmond, of Strathroy, ... be *Capt.*
Lieut. Kea Knox, of Blenheim, to be ...
Lieut. Selena Fisher, of Wardsville, ... *Capt.*
Lieut. Nora Harding, resting, to be ...
Lieut. Mary Crowe, of Carleton Place, ... be *Capt.*
Lieut. Susanna Donelly, of Prescott, ... *Capt.*
Cadet Jennie Parker, of St. John ..., be *Lieut.*
Cadet Kate Govey, of Cowansville, ... *Lieut.*
Cadet Florence Thurlow, of Londonderry Home, to be *Lieut.*
Cadet Lizzie Nichol, resting, to *Lieut.*
Cadet Sarah Moses, of Ottawa, ... be *Lieut.*
Cadet Sarah Brierly, of Lippincott, ... to be *Lieut.*
Cadet Chas. Soderholm, of Yorkville, ... to be *Lieut.*
Cadet Viola Stein, of Toronto Rescue ... to be *Lieut.*

APPOINTMENTS—

Capt. Gordon to Moose Jaw, N.W.T.
Capt. Hynde to Hampton, N.B.
Capt. Rafuse to Georgetown, P.E.I.
Capt. Davies to Dartmouth, N.S.
Capt. Morrison to Cowansville, P.Q.
Capt. Richmond to Coldwater.
Capt. Leslie to Ayr.
Capt. McAmmond to Drayton.
Capt. Knox to Glencoe.
Capt. Harding to Knowlton, P.Q.
Capt. Crowe to Waterloo.
Capt. Donnelly to Magog.
Lieut. Parker to Sydney, C.B.
Lieut. Govey to Cobden.
Lieut. Nichol to Knowlton, P.Q.
Lieut. Moses to Maxville.
Lieut. Brierly to Coldwater.
Lieut. Soderholm to Markham.
Lieut. Stein to St. John Rescue Home.

MARRIED—

Captain Thomas H. Leavitt, who came from St. John I., N.B., January, ... and now stationed at Halifax, ... *Captain Louisa White,* who came from Carleton, N.B., September, ... at Halifax. November 3rd, 1890.

T. B. Adams
Commissioner.

War Office, Toronto.

A VOICE CRYING IN THE WILDERNESS
WAR CRY
SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13TH, 18[illegible]

The West Booming. Right glad are we this week to be able to present our readers with a report of the Commissioner's meetings at Winnipeg, and next week we hope to be able to give more details about his meetings in British Columbia. Several souls got saved in Winnipeg, and we feel confident that the whole North-West will be roused and many souls brought to God. Doubtless we shall be able to give more sketches in our next or an early issue. We are expecting big times in Ontario as the Commissioner visits the various centres in his great Social Reform Tour. May God speed along the Gospel Chariot till every ... shall be saved.

LOOK! SEE!!

Great Runaway of the Devil and His Braves, etc.

"... stand, shall they cry, but none shall look back."—*Nah.* 2, 8.

"But who may abide the day of His coming? And who shall stand when He appeareth?"—*Matt.* 3, 2.

"Let them that hate Thee flee before Thee."—*Numbers* 10, 35.

"And flee before Thee seven ways.—*Deut.* 28, 7.

"The wicked flee when no man pursueth, but the righteous are bold as a lion.—*Prov.* 28, 1.

"Resist the devil and he will flee from you." *Jas.* 4, 7.

Comrades of the WAR CRY and saved of the Lord, hallelujah! Surely the man who wields the Editorial quill, or his pen-sharpener by his side, beats all whom we have seen for urging people to write for ... It's "Write," "You should write for the CRY just as well as you testify in the meetings." Then again it's "Sit down and write." On the next page it is, "Sit down and write." "Bless me," said I to myself, "the man's possessed! He must be shouting it out this time! Believe I'll send him a tentative scrap anyway. What shall I write?" "Write short," says he. "All right, my blooming boy," said I smiling. "I'll get my scribbling pad and old quill and give it 'short.'" 'Tis an incident that tossed the dirty old general of the great bottomless pit in my late scuffle with his abominable majesty, at "Two Points," a Sabbath or two ago.

LOOK! SEE!!

Great Runaway of the Devil and His Braves from the Manitoba Slasher, (a Soldier of the Great and Glorious Salvation Army), of Emerson, Man.

Being alone, twelve miles from my corps, No. ... old Apollyon brought up his braves to within a few yards of my door, and set them "gassing," smoking, and hurling the heavy stone, i.e., breaking the Sabbath. Of course I accepted this as the old

Champion's Challenge to Fight.

So dropping upon my knees I asked the Lord for a few smooth stones and permission to go and fight old Beelzebub, in Jesus' name. Then I went out to the boys and kindly said, "Good day, boys! This is the Sabbath day, and we are commanded to keep it holy. Come into my house and we will worship God. It will be better than for you to be sitting out here." This kind of smooth stuff didn't hurt them, so they just laughed as much as to say, "You have met with your match this time. We set you at defiance." As I went back to my house they seemed to enjoy their smile at my expense, and puffed out their tobacco smoke quite triumphantly. But when they saw me come back again with the Great Two-Edged Sword of the Spirit, i.e., my open Bible, oh it would have done good to anyone down with the "blues" just to have seen and heard all those braves jump, shout, and

Run as for Dear Life

off to the woods, round to the back of the stable, anywhere so as to be off and out of fighting distance. Hallelujah! The field was won, their "gassing" was over, their Sabbath desecration put a stop to. They ran well, but I nabbed one man before he could get away, and I stuck to him.

Now by this time my Gospel pitch was hot as if the fire that fell on Mount Carmel had fallen into it. Then it was my turn to laugh when I saw how he twisted and squirmed as I rubbed it in. Oh, glory hallelujah! I believe I just shouted, "Victory through the Blood of the Lamb!"

"I am a Christian," says I. "I believe you are," said he. Then how could you expect me to play the coward by letting you fellows come and

Break God's Holy Sabbath

right here on my promises, in my presence, and just a few yards from my door? See this badge? This bit of ribbon tells you that I am a Salvation Army Soldier, and more than that, I am a loyal soldier of King Jesus, all the time at war with evil. You will, maybe, go to your priest, and he will forgive you. I can do as much of that as he can. But, mark me, neither I nor your priest can change your heart. Say, my good fellow, tell me, "Did you ever know your priest or any other R.C. priest change a man's heart?" "No," said he. "Then glory hallelujah, I can tell you who can do just that very thing. It's a big thing to do, I allow. Suppose that a dog bit you, you might forgive the dog, might you not?" "Yes, I might." Well, away went the dog forgiven, but with the same ... as before, and the next time that you come between that dog and his bone, he will

Bite You Again Sure!

See? He has the same disposition as before. See? "Yes," says he. Now if that dog's love for biting was taken out of him, he would be quite another kind of a dog, wouldn't he? "Yes," says he, "he would so."

You see that, do you? "Yes," says he, "I see that." Well, you need pardon for this day's Sabbath breaking, and for all the sins of your past life, or you will all go to hell as sure as you are here now. But pardon is not enough for you any more than it is for the dog. You need renewal of your nature, power to do right and to keep right. You need to have all your evil tendencies eliminated from your heart.

Now Jesus can do all this right here on this sod, and do it now, and you need it sure enough. Have confidence in His willingness, and in His ability to do this for you now, for, mind you, to-morrow may be too late.

Then I read the Scriptures out loud. By this time some of his runaway companions had ventured back from their hiding places to hear what sort of medicine their comrade was getting. They listened attentively. Having exhorted them to repentance and to get down upon their two knees and call upon God for Salvation from all sin, I said, "See, boys, do it this way." Then

I Knelt and Prayed

and interceded with God for these wicked men. Having realized in prayer that God's blessing was upon my service, I arose and said, "Come again, boys, and bring lots of comrades with you, and as long as I am here, I'll meet you if I can find you." As I went away a voice said, "Thank you," and they dispersed. Then I sang the fourth verse of my own song to the good old tune, "Annie Laurie," viz:—

When Jesus calls upon me
To stand and fight alone,
May I improve the honor,
Sing with triumphant tone.

CHORUS.

O His presence fills my soul,
And His glory shines around;
Who follow Jesus' footsteps,
Must walk on holy ground.

REPEAT.

O His presence fills my soul,
And His glory shines around;
I follow Jesus' footsteps,
I walk on holy ground.

ROBERT LESLIE VICKERS.

YE MUST BE CLEANSED!

DEAR EDITOR.—

In visiting yesterday, I came across an invalid girl who had written the following lines, and thought, with her permission, I would send them to the WAR CRY. Maybe they would prove acceptable. The Lord continue to guide and bless you. Yours fully the Lords,

Capt. FRITH.

"No One Admitted Without Being Cleansed."

While perusing an article upon the rules of hospitals, one of the number impressed me as being strikingly similar in its imperativeness to the divine rule:—"All applicants for admission must have a bath and change of garments, before entering therein."

The Divine injunction, "Except a man be born again," (regenerated in Spirit, cleansed in the Blood of Christ) he cannot see the Kingdom of God; effectually prevents the admission of any impurity at the "Pearly gates."

It would be singular policy, should sufferers desiring relief, refuse to comply with the preliminaries necessary for entering the hospital. Is it not still greater folly to reject God's method of cleansing the heart and preparing the soul for eternal rapture?

Reader, hast thou submitted to God's way of Salvation? Hast thou, as an utterly helpless, guilty sinner, accepted the Lord Jesus as the One Who "bore thy burden," "paid thy debt," and with His precious Blood cleansed all thy guilty stains?

If so, thou knowest on the authority of the Word of God, that thy sins are forgiven, and thy name written in the Lambs' Book of life.

Oh sinner, do not refuse to comply with God's requirements. Only "Blood-washed ones shall dwell in heaven." Thou would'st not perish? Oh, why not live?

Dost thou fear to plunge in the life-giving stream so freely offered to thee? No other ablution can cleanse thy guilt; no other remedy can save thy soul. Thus shalt thou harbor thy frail bark on the "Golden Strand," and dwell in the continual presence of God.

MISS TAYLOR.

A DAY IN DECEMBER.

A crowded court-room. Officials, lawyers, reporters, policemen, witnesses, and curious stood around in motley confusion.

The prisoner's dock is the centre of interest. Men and women, grey-haired, withered, sunken, and degraded, interspersed with others, upon whom was stamped the bloom of youth, and a certain dazzled, shame-faced, soiled innocence, herded together waiting their turn of summary judgment.

The Judge was a kind-looking, generous man of military bearing and dignity. He plied his quill as one well accustomed to dispatch unpleasant duty speedily.

One after another stood up and heard their accusation read out, and about an equal number pleaded guilty or not guilty. As case after case was tried, we found ourselves lost in the study of human character as depicted upon their faces and bearing.

Of "old hands" there were not a few certainly whose hardened look and brazen defiance told plainly that they were well accustomed to their position. Men upon whom the lines of sin were deeply set, and yet to a close observer, who appeared to be there more because they couldn't help it than by absolute choice. Some of these were "sent down" to their cells more on the statement of their previous hard and lawless character than from the evidence which could be produced of present guilt.

Deep sunk in the mire how could they help themselves? The descent was too rapid and too slippery to be remounted, and therefore once down there they must stay unless some unseen, and as yet unknown, power would lift them out of the pit.

But others there were, who stood there for "first offences," and for them we could but thank God for the pity and compassionate patience of the Judge before them.

"You can go, but don't walk in such slippery places," said he to one young man, respectably clad, who was arraigned for his first fall through drunkenness.

"Better for you" was the advice to a young domestic servant who for the love of vanity had stolen money and expended it on dress, "had you never left your father's homestead. Where are your parents now? No! I will not send you down to prison. I will send you to them on remanded sentence. Be careful."

One very old woman stood there, smiling as though perpectly at ease. Her charge was drunkenness; she was well known in the dock.

"It's about time you went down for the winter," quoth the learned magistrate, "or we shall find you dead in the streets one of these days."

"Ah! na Sire! not *aul* the winthur shure! Jest for a leettle while."

But the Judge knew best and pronounced "five months' sentence."

"For safe keeping" was our inward reflection. "Was this what the Master meant when He said "Feed My sheep?"

Again an old man was brought forward supported under each arm, so infirm and crippled was he. Alas! Is it true? Is his place also in the prisoner's dock? But it was only too evident, and as judgment was given, he hobbled down to the cells with the aid of his two friends.

Enough. Our hearts are sick; we turn from the scene with the query ever before us increasing in magnitude and more urgent than ever before, *what can we do for fallen humanity?*

But our work was not finished. Introduced by the Staff-Inspector, we enter the matron's room, and again are face-to-face with the maidservant before mentioned. She gave her age as eighteen years, but she is sullen, dogged and defiant in manner.

She doesn't wish to go home. She is ashamed for her parents to know what a disgrace she has occasioned them, but she is in no way penitent or contrite, all she is thinking of now, is how she can deceive the authorities and make it impossible for them to find her parents in order that she may return to her haunts of vice. There is a man in the shadowy background who pays the rent and board of her private room. We offer her a chance of Rescue through our homes, but she is in no way inclined and we are forced to leave her to her fate.

* * *

It is evening, and although our well filled day has nearly run its close we have another project in view. It is a visit to the Prison Gate Home at Eglinton. The night was cold and uninviting, but our purpose is steadfast. The electric car makes short work of the distance and very soon we enter the well-warmed and well-apportioned building.

Bunks, nicely furnished with mattress, pillow, blankets, and sheets, occupy the whole side of the left wing, whilst on the right are cheery, and well-lighted dining and sitting rooms, with kitchen in the rear.

The men, (of whom there are thirteen at the hour we write) are evidently waiting an arrival. The Captain was expected to hold a meeting, but the Lord sent us instead. We did not expect this pleasure, but having laid aside our furs we fall in with Divine arrangements and proceed to heartily sing one of the favorite songs of the Home—

"There is a better world they say,
Oh, so bright!
Where sin and woe are done away,
Oh, so bright!"

Singularly appropriate for our brothers here, is our reflection. What do they need more than to know that their sins and woe can be done away?

A blessed little interval of prayer from some of our comrades followed. How they pleaded that the great grace which has been manifested in saving them might be made known to their brothers who are yet unsaved!

Another song and some of the brightest and most definite testimonies we have listened to during our ten years' warfare followed without any of that delay or hesitation that drags the life and enjoyment from testimony meetings. They told in simple language how deep sunk they had been in drink and law-breaking, how they had spent every cent and wandered from land, home, and friends, coming finally to the cold chilly influences of prison walls and iron bolts, and then, when with not a friend nor ray of hope before them, the Salvation Army had met them, and the Red Maria had brought them to this place, "the best that ever was opened, and the best thing that ever was thought of." Here they had decided to lead new lives, here they had actually begun by confessing their sins, seeking forgiveness, and yielding their hearts to the loving Saviour of the lost.

One and all agreed that the Prison Gate Home should be the subject of their eternal gratitude to God as it had provided the means of Salvation to them.

"If people don't believe in it tell 'em to come and see it for theirselves," was the opinion of all voiced by one man.

Thank God, we had no difficulty in believing in it before we had seen it, much less have we now, having heard those testimonies and prayers from lips more used to oaths and cursing than blessing and praising, and we went away feeling that the evening's sight was a good sequel to the morning adventures.

Prison Gate Work.

We are making very rapid strides in this branch of our work; which, though yet is very youthful, it speaks to the whole Canadian world, yea, the world at large, the possibilities of accomplishing much in little time. At present everything we have to say is

Magnum Bonum,

though our expectations are not surpassed; for according to your faith so shall you receive.

During the past week three more ex-convicts have been received into our Eglinton Home; one of the trio wandered down to the Yorkville barracks one Sabbath evening, and after the memorial service of the late "Happy Bill Cooper's" was over, he walked up to the mourner's bench and professed his sins forgiven; this alone ought to cheer everybody and give them an interest in the Social Reform Branch. We are praying and believing for the conversion of them all.

I am happy to state this week that we are no longer confined to reporting one home in the Dominion, but arrangements are now completed for the opening of two more, viz. Kingston and Hamilton; the former we propose opening on Dec. 9th and the latter on Dec. 11th. D. V.

The governors of the jails in these places have promised their hearty co-operation in this grand work; Mr. Corbett, governor of Kingston jail, gave us a handsome donation to encourage our efforts in reforming and saving those whose lives are so calamitous.

The topic of conversation in these cities is Social Reform; and I remarked it could not be a better one; further, if all who talk

Would pray and pay

the work would roll on still faster and faster. Mr. W. C. Barnes of Hamilton, who was the Hon. Sec., of the R. H. Association (which recently turned the home over to us) is proving himself a strong outside prop; we hope to soon make him an inside stay. I pray he may live long to help much and save many.

Ensign Neal deserves much credit for the noble way she is taking hold of the work in Kingston. She is financing at present, and is getting well into the hearts and pockets of the citizens. She is very devoted to her work and is bent on success. Divine energy will conquer.

Trusting later on to give you a more lengthy report of the work in these places. In conclusion, I am having perfect and continual victory.

Affectionately yours,
R. ALEX. BOLTON

Adjutant Manton carries uniform goods.

Find Your Report

AND READ IT.

THREE men out for Salvation during the last week-end at HALIFAX I. Grand meetings were held, real boiling-over times, and everyone went in for souls, with the above result. Capt. and Mrs. Leavitt are rejoicing and victorious.

TWO sisters got saved at PUGWASH at the Lieut.'s farewell meeting.

Capt. Williams writes that at ST. JOHNS II., Nfld., they are having good times. Scribe Capt. Shea led the meetings there on a recent Sunday, and SIX souls cried for pardon in the night meeting. Hallelujah.

Another thriving corps in the Toronto Division is DOVERCOURT. Capt. Houston has hold of the reins here. One dear lad who was slipping was set on solid footing again. S.-Capt. Bennett visited this Corps, but notwithstanding the truth being plainly laid before the people, that indifferent spirit kept them from yielding.

WEST TORONTO is a proper Blood and Fire corps, and the soldiers know how to fight. Cad t H[illegible] reports a good week of victory. Staff-Capt. Bennett the Juniors' warrior, paid them a visit. TWO have found pardon this week.

The THAMESFORD report has the right ring about it this week. The soldiers are being more united. ONE Sister sought and found pardon, and now marches and testifies for the Master, and another dear LAD who had wandered from the fold returned. D. O. Sharp, assisted by Scribe Peard and the Ingersoll brass band, paid the Thamesford comrades a visit; the place was all alive, and ONE backslider returned. Hallelujah.

The war still progresses favourably in RENFREW. Since we last heard from this corps ONE wanderer has returned. This makes Capt. Gainey's heart feel glad, for the crowds get small in the winter on account of the people going to work in the bush.

Lieut. Anderson, in reporting for Capt. Cass of FENELON FALLS, says things are brightening up a little since the Capt. has taken hold of the reins. He writes "When visiting, the devil in the shape of a woman went for me heavy, and said when I wanted more to come back."

At BURIN, Nfld., the devil has a hard time of it. While the officers were away to council at St. Johns, EIGHT of his followers were compelled to leave his ranks and follow Christ, and since the officers returned, EIGHT more. Capt. Bowering says they have good crowds, notwithstanding the fact that the people have to come to the meetings in boats.

As our comrades were holding an open-air at Sussex, N. B., a dear minister stopped and listened very attentively to the different testimonies. As he was leaving he sent his little boy to the officer with a dollar. God bless him. Capt. McDonald has received farewell orders, and leaves with the glorious assurance that God has owned and blessed his labors. Souls have been saved, a new barracks built, and where only two and three used to be on the march, now from thirteen to fifteen willingly march the streets for Jesus.

They are having good meetings at NIAGARA FALLS. The crowds and collections are much better. Capt. and Mrs. Ireland rejoice in reporting ONE soul won over from the enemy's ranks.

The soldiers at CHESLEY are taking a look at themselves in the light of heaven, and three have stepped up to the standard where God wanted them. Capt. Wiggins is rejoicing over TWO souls who have been saved.

ONE soul saved at PERTH on a recent Sunday night. Capt. Payne reports meetings of power and blessing all day with the above result at night.

[That's right Capt. despise not the day of small things. One soul is of infinite value in God's sight. Press on for more. God bless you.]—ED.

ATHENS is another hard shop in the Montreal Division, yet notwithstanding the hardness God is blessing our comrades there. Capt. Todd was with them a few days and God gave them good times. Lieut. Findlay is determined to hold up the standard of holiness and show the people their sins.

Capt. and Mrs. Boxall, who have been laboring for some months in STROUD farewell for another corner of the Lord's vineyard. The Lord has wonderfully blessed their labors while there. The last week in Stroud God brought THREE backsliders into the fold. One convert, who has been saved about six weeks, has gained eleven pounds since he gave up tobacco.

MONTREAL II. Capt. McGinness sends an extended report which we have boiled down. The Lord has been giving them victory and their numbers are steadily increasing. Glory to God.

HAMPTON is another corps in the corner of God's great big harvest field. Deep conviction is felt in the meetings and Captain Cockerill is confident of victory.

D. O. and Mrs. Soothall, on a recent week-end, visited BRANTFORD and had wonderful meetings and ONE soul professed to find Salvation. Capt. Fisher has things well in hand here.

In the far West the old Salvation chariot is steadily rolling on. At RAPID CITY Capt. Arkett has tight hold of the reins. The people helped grand with Self-denial. The Captain had a run across the prairie to Neepawa and had a good time.

Away down East the war is being steadily waged and the Lord's host is surely gaining on the enemy. At SPRING HILL MINES Brigadier Jacobs and Staff-Capt. Beatty lately assisted in laying the corner stone of a new barracks. This will mean, of course, "No quarter for the devil in this place." Jack and George, who have been holding the fort here for some time, have received orders for another part of the field. During their stay they saw something like 150 souls crying for mercy and forty soldiers added to the roll. In their farewell meeting five souls sought for pardon. Since we last heard from them THIRTEEN souls have been saved. Hallelujah!

Capt. McDonald, of SUSSEX, N.B., writes, "A short time ago this corps was expected to breathe its last. The devil had the coffin and sod all ready for the funeral, but he got left. A good dose of the "Sp'rit" gave it renewed vigor and strength, and now the bloom of health is on its cheek, which is a wonder to many. Adj. and Mrs. Walder were with us on Saturday and Sunday. TWO souls at the Cross. Thursday night our Hindoo Demonstration drew a large crowd. The meeting was good. Captain Susie Halfyard and Lieut. Harry Polly, the "Little Boy" lecturer, were present. The nearness of God was felt by all. The prospects are good for soul-saving this winter."

Although the bad weather and lots of counter attractions kept some of the people from our barracks in BELLEVILLE still Capt. Armstrong rejoices for the way God has been helping them. ONE precious soul saved since you last heard from this corps.

Lieut. Curry has had the experience of being brought up before the police magistrate in SPRING HILL MINES, N.S. God gave him a mighty victory. Hallelujah.

At DUTTON, the S.D. work was taken up by all. Old and young helped wonderfully. God bless them all.

Lieut. Evoy of DUNDAS reports good times. The open-air meetings are good, and big crowds come around the ring on the Market Square. Many souls are in trouble and despair because they will not give up their sin.

TORONTO V. (Riverside) is at present ably commanded by Capt. M. Elliott. In reporting she says, "The devil is raging, and is it any wonder, for God's children are being awakened, and going in with all their hearts, and souls are being saved." TWO more won for the Kingdom at this corps.

THREE souls saved here by a previous report.

Capt. Dick Gage thanks God that the old chariot is booming along in INGERSOLL. Sunday's meetings were real old-fashioned devil-driving times. The power of God was felt all day. FIVE souls was the result of the day's engagement.

Wonderful times at PRESCOTT. Thus starts the writer of the report from this station, who is none other than Mrs. Capt. Armstrong. SEVEN souls have plunged into the fountain, where God saved them. The reporter has faith to believe that God is going to raise up some Blood-and-Fire warriors in this town. The Capt. and his wife go forth to new fields of labor, confident and strong in God. Her advice to the soldiers is to fight hard and never give in.

Capt. Williams just sends a few words from MARKHAM rejoicing over ONE soul saved on Sunday night.

Cadet McLeod in reporting for Capt. Johnnie Gale, of the TEMPLE corps, says, "Great commissioning of about forty local officers and enrolment of twenty-six soldiers on Thursday evening. This will make the devil tremble. God set his seal upon the week's work by saving SEVENTEEN souls."

Capt. M. Cowan has just farewelled from WALLACEBURG. Although unable to work for a part of the time still she feels she has done what she could. The path has been stormy, but God has given them victory. D.O. McIntyre and Scribe paid them a visit, when God wonderfully blessed the meetings.

The right royal welcome the COATICOOKE soldiers led on by the Lieutenant, gave to Capt. Flossie Johnson on her arrival to take charge of this her first western station, made her feel quite at home. She buckled on the armour at once, and rushed to the front. Finding a debt of $20 on the corps she set to work with collecting books and *letter of introduction*, and on the Friday on making up the books, she was enabled to rejoice over the debt being all paid. She says, "Having got the weight removed from the wheels we are confident the old chariot will roll on faster than ever."

Capt. Warder and his BRAMPTON braves, are still getting victory through the Blood. They have had wonderful times all the week.

[Now Captain, send along some interesting items.]—ED.

At ESSEX CENTRE recently, two brothers got big victories, when they let the Lord have His way with them. They got shouting happy. It appears that a *quarreling devil* is creeping round this locality. Comrades, beware of him. ONE backslider has returned, so writes Capt. Wale.

Capt. Turner, of GALT, gives an outline of the result of Self-Denial week, which we gave in last week's CRY, under Self-Denial Tit Bits. They evidently had a good time, and he heartily thanks all the friends who gave so liberally to help to get the world converted to God.

TRENTON did well during S. D. week. The Capt. denied himself of sleep, walked the floor, prayed, pondered over Mrs. Booth's life and death, thus getting richly blessed. FIVE souls fell at Jesus' feet on the Tuesday night. Never such weeping since the Army opened fire. Sister Arthurs visited the corps on a recent Sunday, on her way to Manitoba. TWO young men rose up out of their seats and came to Jesus. It was a soul-stirring time all round.

BARRIE is booming, ranks are increasing, and Captain Wellwood reports bodies as well as souls. Converts take the platform and testify. This, of course, is very encouraging. Since the comrades got their love letter from the Commissioner, the soldiers have come out more and more. Since last report, NINE have got properly saved, and have fallen right into line.

COLDWATER still lives. Crowds and conviction are increasing. Souls are being brought into view of eternal things. Capt. Perry has farewelled, and things will move all round.

A wonderful time was experienced in a recent holiness meeting in KINGSVILLE recently. The soldiers have a good Spiritual experience. ONE soul has been soundly converted, and Capt. Bella Walker is in for victory.

DRESDEN has had a rousing time of late. In last week's issue, we gave our readers a little idea of what these comrades did during Self-Denial week. Since the last report, EIGHT souls have been liberated. A colored brother testified thus, "God wants people to go forward. If He wanted them to go backwards, He would have put their eyes in the back of their head;" then he hit the tobacco devil by saying "I used to help make tobacco, often I have tramped it with my feet and spit upon it for others to chew." It has been a good time round Dresden. Capt. Mahon writes in excellent spirits.

WHEATLY corps is rising. Capt. B. Branigan reports good meetings, and during the past two weeks FIVE souls have sought mercy. Of course they give God all the glory and believe for more victories.

FOUR backsliders on Sunday night, and TWO sinners on Monday night volunteered for Salvation at YARMOUTH. The week of Self-denial was a time of blessing. Mighty conviction reigns in the meetings and Capt. Holman's faith runs high for many souls.

Brigadier Spooner and Ensigns Cunningham and Logan recently paid a visit to BROOKLIN. A banquet was on the boards and the meeting in the evening was a regular soul-banquet. ONE soul was saved on Sunday. Hallelujah!

Scribe Captain Waddell has been doing some good work in the North-West. She spent S. D. week at MORDEN helping Lieut. Wilton, who was sick. Good times were spent and God wonderfully blessed the officers in doing their best.

Capt. Arkett still holds the fort at RAPID CITY and God is giving him blessed times. Major Morris recently visited the corps and had a real heart-searching, mellowing meeting, several rising to their feet showing their willingness to do what God told them in the future.

Self-Denial week at BRANDON was a blessing. ONE soul was saved on Thursday night. On Sunday afternoon four recruits were enroled. Our kind friends of the Y. M. C. A. and the Methodist minister render us very good help here. God bless them. Capt. Frith holds this fort.

At FEVERSHAM our comrades went in for a real time of blessing during Self-denial week. God revealed the true light to many hearts and as the result Capt. Boyd rejoices over ONE soul born into the kingdom.

CARLETON PLACE is a station in the Montreal Division. Lieut. Crowe says that the people there are very kind. A few weeks ago a MAN strolled into our hall, when God's Spirit began to strive with him; he did not reject the strivings, but yielded, and God saved him. Two weeks ago death overtook him, but thank God, he was ready to go.

The Self-Denial week has [illegible] blessing and business to C[illegible] CONSECON. What with co[illegible] S.D. envelopes and meeting[illegible] busy, but the blessings God gave [illegible] return, more than repaid her for the effort she made.

Capt. Goodwin still bravely [illegible] little band of warriors in Queen[illegible] The soldiers and officers here have [illegible] contend with, and the fight is [illegible] hard, yet they unitedly say "[illegible] best Friend." Cadet Clarke [illegible] the T.H. after a couple of years of soldiership. God bless her. A [illegible] soldier raised his hand for [illegible] they are daily expecting him to [illegible] heart to God for pardon. [Cadet's [illegible] well makes one less in the front [illegible] cheer up captain and soldiers, God [illegible] up the gap. Victory is sure.—ED.]

Capt. Wolters reports good [illegible] NORTH SYDNEY. The half-night of [illegible] was a time of power and blessing [illegible] made a full consecration and TWO [illegible] saved. At knee-drill the following [illegible] a dear BROTHER got saved, and [illegible] TWO sisters found pardon. In all [illegible] souls were saved here during the [illegible]

A half-night of prayer was the [illegible] gramme at CANNING corps on a [illegible] Friday. Several officers, with [illegible] soldiers, reinforced Capt. Calkin. A [illegible] time was spent, and EIGHT were [illegible] kneeling at the table making a [illegible] complete consecration. Hallelujah.

At TORONTO II. during the past [illegible] they have had some grand times [illegible] sperate dealings with the sinners [illegible] yielded until Sunday night when [illegible] backslider was reclaimed. Brigadier [illegible] getts and Spooner and Adjt. Taylor [illegible] the fort on Sunday.

A poor fellow, with his face badly [illegible] and covered with blood and dirt, be[illegible] the penitent-form in HAMILTON I. [illegible] recent Saturday night. His prayer [illegible] cry was "God kill me, God kill me, [illegible] stroy self, destroy sin." God saved him [illegible] and on the following day he was la[illegible] march and meeting telling how God [illegible] saved him. God is very signally [illegible] and blessing the labors of Capt. [illegible] Miller at this corps.

At WYOMING Lieut. Creamer is rejoicing over THREE more precious souls [illegible] were saved this past week.

FOUR backsliders have been reclaimed at Dundalk since we last heard from [illegible] corps, and at the outpost PROTON, they [illegible] having victory. So writes Capt. [illegible]

TORONTO IV. is in charge of Capt. Stephens, and God is giving her [illegible] Thirteen recruits were enroled here [illegible] ly, and six local officers appointed. [illegible] meetings at this corps were the [illegible] through S. D. week, and on the Sunday Brig. Margetts and the Staff Band held [illegible] fort. Good meetings were held all day. [illegible] the evening they were reinforced by [illegible] Philpott, Ensign Michiel and others [illegible] a most powerful meeting was held [illegible] TWO souls yielded to God's striving [illegible] Staff-Capt. Tassie and Mrs. Moore, [illegible] converted actress, were the specials [illegible] Thursday night, when a good time [illegible] spent, but none would yield.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS

All articles for publication, [illegible] songs, obituary notices for WAR CRY, YOUNG SOLDIER &c., should be addressed as follows:—

The Editorial Department, Albert St., Toronto.

All communications for insertion in the above papers must be written on one side of the paper only, and be accompanied by the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as evidence of good faith.

We cannot undertake to return the manuscript of rejected communications.

SONGS AND POEMS MUST BE ORIGINAL, that is to say, they must be composed entirely by the sender, and if they have previously appeared in print it must be so stated.

DIVISIONAL REPORTS for insertion in the next week's "WAR CRY" should be in the Editorial Department by Wednesday morning AT LATEST. Preference will, however, be given to those reports which arrive early in the week. Matters of exceptionally special interest, as for example, open-air prosecutions, disturbances, &c., should be reported to the Editor *immediately they occur*. COPIES OF LOCAL NEWSPAPERS IN WHICH ANY NOTICE OF ARMY WORK APPEARS SHOULD ALWAYS BE SENT TO THE EDITOR.

A REAL GOOD BARGAIN

Persons buying goods to the value of [illegible] from our War office stores, will receive a handsome present of one of the General's [illegible] (except Darkest England), or Mrs. Booth's books. This does not include the [illegible] ing Department. Send along your order at once, and name the book you want.

Adventures in India

YUDDHISTHIRA IN GUJARAT.

Whole Communities (Over Fifteen Hundred Souls) Surrender to God and the Army.

Six years ago Major Eshwar Das (then Capt. Grundy) reconnoitred the district of Kaira, visiting the villages, holding meetings, and seeing souls saved. One of these villages was Anidra, where some thirty professed Salvation, and the villagers declared that the *Pavitra Atma* (Holy Ghost) had descended upon the place. For two months afterwards the people waited and watched anxiously for the reconnoitrers' return, but were disappointed, and having no one to guide and help them, relapsed into Hinduism, but the impression made was never erased from their hearts and minds.

Two months ago it was decided to take reinforcements and again make an attack upon this district and keep up permanent work, as there were men at hand to carry on the war.

Starting from the railway station a tramp of eight miles took them to a small settlement on the banks of the Vatrak river, from whence reconnoitring parties were sent forth in all directions.

Anidra was again one of the villages attacked. The reconnoitrers found the people mostly friendly, but shy about receiving the Army. However, a suitable place for officers' quarters was captured, and a couple of officers were despatched to hold the fort and arrange for a public opening a couple of days later.

On the appointed day the party advanced and found that the people had met together to decide what course to take now the long prophesied Army had returned. It was a favorable decision. If they renounced their idolatry and turned to Christ would they again be left to grope in the dark? But one of their own people had come to live among them and lead them on; so that question was settled, and they

Offered One Hundred Rupees

towards building a Salvation Temple in which to worship Christ.

They provided food for the whole party, after which, at mid-day, an open-air meeting was held and at the close twenty-five souls came out for Salvation. They were very dark and simple, and it was difficult to deal with them in the open-air amidst such eagerness and curiosity, mingled with superstition, so two detachments were sent to visit and pray from house to house, who returned some time afterwards bringing some sixty captures—forty-five men and sixteen women. Including the children would run the total up to over one hundred.

They anticipated persecution from their high caste neighbors, but declared their willingness to suffer for Christ's sake. These converts included some of the leading men of the community, but there was an opposition party who said that they would stick to the religion of their forefathers.

The party then pressed on to attack other places. Next mid-day a man reached them from Anidra, saying that after their departure all the people *en masse* had come forward and sought Salvation in the night meeting, and that this (the next day) being a holiday nobody had gone to work, as they were determined to be out-and-out for God. Thus the day—the first in the annals of Anidra—was spent in serving God by the whole community.

The party left officers in charge of the places they were then at and at once retraced their steps to find the report quite true; in fact the half had not been told. There there were the whole of the Dherd community, numbering

Some Five Hundred Souls,

men women and children, who had turned from their idolatry and were serving the true and living God.

While staying at Abu Road I received the news from the Major that Col. Ajeet Singh, our Chief Secretary, would visit Gujarat, and especially Anidra, for the week-end Sept. 27, 28, 29. That settled it, and Jai Chand and I left Abu by the midnight train in order that I might be in time to join the party.

It seemed a long night, and an equally long 116 miles. However, and fortunately too, we reached Ahmedabad on Friday and had a good half-day and whole night's rest previous to the Colonel's arrival. The Colonel came by the Saturday morning mail at nine o'clock, and by 11.30 we were again behind the iron horse and in an hour steamed into Mehmedabad station. In the dharamsala, or rest-house for travellers, we partook of a little food and then set out for our destination. The distance from the station to Anidra is fourteen miles. For the first seven miles it was along a government road, lined with beautiful shade trees which were full of monkeys, doves, parrots, squirrels, and many kinds of birds. This road leads to Kaira City and the camp, in the latter place being

Bishop Heber's old Church

(in 1825) which he described as "large and solid but clumsy."

We passed through Kaira, an ancient city of some 12,000 population, known as far back as the fifth century. It is situated at the junction of the Vatrak and Shedhi rivers, is a walled city, and was an important military station until the climate changed for the worse. The streets are uneven and narrow and windy, and the houses are solid and lofty, with much carved wood work and covered with hideous paintings.

After leaving the city we forded the river (nearly up to our waists in places) and then another mile's walk along sandy, thorny roads and we reached Atmapur. This place has a history. Six years ago when this district was visited it was a small settlement with no name, and as all the inhabitants got saved the Commissioner named it Atmapur, or soul village. A Training Home was established here for the time being, under the direction of the present Major, and one of the cadets in training was none other than the present Major Musa Bhai. Most of the people removed to other parts, but there is now two families in the place, soldiers of the old days and still professing Salvation. Here, too, is where the Major and party settled, and from where the reconnoitring parties were despatched at the opening of this district two months ago.

It didn't take us long to quench our thirst and satisfy our hunger in the District Headquarters—a mud hut, 12 ft. x 12 ft., with no windows, an open space for the doorway but no door, and comprising cook house, office, parlor, and dining and bedrooms all in one. It was a clear moonlight night, and laying down under the trees we wrapped ourselves up in our blankets to

Keep off the Mosquitoes,

and tried to make ourselves comfortable—a rather hard job, both on account of said mosquitoes and the howling of the jackals and other animals in the near vicinity. Being my first camp out in India I guess I shall not very easily forget it; it needs to be experienced to be understood and "relished."

At daybreak the whole camp was astir and off we trouped to the river and enjoyed a bathe and swim in its cooling waters. Rations over, we packed up our traps and continued our journey, another six miles, to Anidra. We marched through fields of corn, barjery (common millet) and other fields, along roads formed by cart tracks, uneven and narrow, overhung with branches and lined with cactus bushes, thorny underfoot and deep sands, very hot in the heat of the day and hard to walk on, very trying and killing travelling to both man and beast. At parts, through the recent rains, the roads were flooded and had to be forded, over knee-deep in places.

The district is very feverish at this season, and many of our party were suffering much with malarial fever, very high.

En route we passed several villages. There is about one town or village to every three square miles in this district, with an average population of thirteen hundred each. Many are walled, but the fortifications have fallen into ruins. And, add to this that the Salvation Army is the only mission preaching Christ and His Salvation to these millions around.

How can I describe the receptions we received at Anidra? As we neared the place we heard the beat of drums and the sound of voices like many waters; and here, through the trees, along a narrow winding path leading down from the village, we saw come

Two Hundred Converts

in red jackets marching to meet us. As we met, loud hallelujahs rent the midday air, and we all rejoiced together. They then re-formed up behind us, and we had a right royal march, and entered the village in triumph. All work (weaving) was suspended for the day, for be it known that the people are Christians in deed and in truth, and believe in keeping the Sabbath; and, too, the first thing they did after getting saved was to commence to pay their debts, mostly those accumulated for generations, because the debts contracted by the parents fall upon the children, and their children's children, and so on. The place was *en fete*, a hallelujah gala day! It was Self-Denial Sunday, too. In the village centre was erected a large canopy, formerly used at Hindoo festivals, and under it we held the meetings. All the people were there—400 or 500 in the afternoon, and even more, at night, as visitors had came from neighbouring villages. At the latter meeting the Colonel presented colors to the corps. It was a spanking go. A collection for Self-Denial was taken up, amounting to over three rupees (about one or two dollars), and this is a lot when you come to reckon that the average wages of the men is six cents per day. Besides this, the villagers fed our party of twenty or thirty twice a day, and with good Indian food too. Here I captured three idols of various shapes, which the people used to worship.

It was midnight before we could retire to rest, and I'll leave you to judge of how much we had, as all night long the peacocks in the tree overhead kept up one continual screech, and

The Jackals Howled

till I should think they were hoarse. Sleep impossible? Why, we were right down glad when dawn came and we were able to resume our travels—this time homewards. It was no easy matter to get away. The people followed us outside the village, and we left them with hallelujahs and salaams filling the air, and the dear folks pleading with us to come again soon.

A few days before this, while some officers were passing through the town of Paij, they held a meeting amongst the Dherds (low caste), and over one hundred professed salvation. These converts sent along fourteen representatives to the Anidra meeting, and they requested us to return via their town so that we could hold a meeting before train time, and they, too—the whole community of some 1,000—would give up idolatry and Hindooism, get salvation and become Salvationists. Accordingly, thither we made tracks. The road lay through Gackwary (native state) territory. While passing through a place called Vasu, two of our party, who were in the rear, were arrested on the false charge of drinking at the high caste well. We, Europeans, who were in front, turned back and repaired to the court, where we had a go at the mukhi (headman) and completely upset him, and he gladly let them go with profound salaams and apologies. We walked off conquerors!!!

We reached Paij at 10 a. m., tired, hungry, thirsty and hot. While getting cooled down, news came to us that eight of the fourteen representatives had been arrested for having brought the "sahibs" and "the new religion" to the town. We immediately

Went to their Relief.

We saw the mukhi and his colleagues at the court house, next to the jail; but they set their faces against us, and we clearly saw that there was war ahead. We declared that the people had free wills and could be of what religion they liked without asking his consent, and that he had not the least right or authority for arresting Christians, and that if he did not release them we would go straight to the Gackwar (king) of Baroda, and have the matter sifted and squared up. When he saw we were determined to have our rights as British subjects, and also our converts', his lips quivered and he turned *pale*(?) He was at a loss what to say. He saw he was in the wrong and could be punished for his conduct. So he changed the charge to that of not paying their taxes, which had become due on their land. We pointed out that he had no right to treat them differ[e]nt to others in similar circumstances. He was cornered again. What other excuse could he make? "Hadn't we forced ourselves upon the Dherds, when we were not residents of the territory?" This question was answered by the whole eight exclaiming publicly, "Mari mukti mali chhe Yisu na lohi ti!" ("I am saved through the blood of Jesus!") They also declared that they have become Christians and Salvationists of their own "khushi" (pleasure). Not only this, but they said that

If They Were Killed

they would not give up their new religion. What a stopper!!! The devil hardly ever, if ever, heard such testimonies. So what else could the mukhi do but let them go, and we returned to our people, rejoicing over such a victory, and hastily snatching a mouthful of the good food provided for us, ran the remaining three miles to Nariad railway station (a total distance that morning of ten miles) in time to catch the train for Divisional Headquarters.

As we were not (through the time being occupied at the court house) able to hold the meeting, the next night the H.O. went and held one, when the remainder of the adults—about five hundred—came out publicly for salvation, who, together with the previous hundred adults, and the children, makes the total of one thousand converts, or the whole Dherd community serving God in the Salvation Army.

I am writing this (Thursday, Oct. 16th) at Atmapur (in the jungles) on another tour, and though I have yet got to write about the public opening of Paij (the above place), and my visits to other places, including the opening of Dumral, where also the whole Dherd community, some one hundred souls, surrendered to God and the Army, I must hold it over till next week, or else I shall miss the mail. God bless you all.

YUDDHISTHIRA (Fred Wood).

HALLELUJAH WEDDING.

Ridgetown Bandmaster Gets Tied—Three Days' Special Meetings—The Chatham Boys—D. O. and Mrs. McIntyre—Scribe Braund and Others to the Front.

Yes, the Ridgetown Bandmaster is a married man. For the occasion, the Opera House was rented.

On Saturday evening, a nice meeting was held, in which all were blessed, and we believed for bigger times on the morrow, Sunday.

Sunday was a day of blessing, and at night, ONE soul came to Jesus for cleansing.

Chatham band boys came out for the day, which made things somewhat more lively. God bless the boys. Lieut. Pennington, of Bothwell, took the Bandmaster's place in leading the band all through the affair, and his playing was admired by all.

On Monday, the clouds hung low and the rain came in torrents, but nothing daunted, the wedding feast, as well as the interest went on, till the evening shades fell, and the hour came when the throngs of people from all quarters were crowding towards the Opera House. The band played, volleys were fired, and Capt. Hogg's version of the announcement was as follows:—

"There's a great meeting coming on Monday, the programme is varied and grand. 'Tis a Hallelujah Wedding, so they say; all are welcome, be sure to be on hand." And it was so, for when the crowd had gathered between four and five hundred had assembled for the sight of a life time. All went well. Special interest was roused at the singing of the song composed by the Scribe for the occasion.

The people bought over $3 worth of the songs.

The articles of marriage were read, to which the two readily consented. Then the Rev. Mr. McRoby tied the knot, and so off we hie to the wedding supper, which, by the way, was a treat. Chicken legs of superfine quality was the prominent feature. All went off well and satisfactory, and it was one of the best Hallelujah weddings I have ever seen.

"God bless the happy couple" is the prayer of all praying people present.

Notes.

Dutton had a banquet lately, and between it and donations, over $15 was knocked off the debt.

Dresden reports EIGHT souls for the week. Well done, Dresden.

At D. O. and Mrs. McIntyre's farewell at Chatham, TEN were forward for Salvation. The D. O. and Mrs. McIntyre spoke very encouraging on this occasion. A Hallelujah wind-up was the feature at at the close.

The present figures to date show, that Windsor heads the list in this division in Self-Denial. COMBER comes next on the boards. Well done Comber! Comber had 6 o'clock knee-drills through Self-Denial week. Capt. Ogilvie and soldiers, you got what you worked for.

R. B.

FORWARD! INDIA.

The reports which continue to reach us from our devoted officers who have gone forth into the dark jungles of heathenism and superstition are of a most encouraging description. Indeed, no part of our blessed work outside our own shores gives greater promise than does the campaign in India, where difficulties unheard and unthought of at home present themselves at every turn.

Spurred on by the magnificent capture, chronicled in our columns this week of numbers of native converts, our comrades in Southern India are planning reconnoitring parties composed of six officers who are forging into villages hitherto unvisited, with a view to general invasion by us and the coming speedy return of India's Commissioner with further reinforcements, bids fair, in God's hands, to bring about such results as we have never yet seen.

IMPORTANCE OF TIME.

BY J. M'LEAN.

Haste, haste, haste, the night comes on
And many a bright hour gone,
The storm is gathering fast and quick
And thou art far from Father's home.

Away from home thy footsteps strayed,
Christ, the Life, the Light, the Way;
Direct your footsteps this way
And He your course will guide
Safe to the other side.

Awake, awake! Why dost thou sleep,
And death is on thy track;
Arise and shine with all thy might
For Christ will give you light.

No longer linger in the plain,
But to the mountain fly;
Look not behind, make no delay,
Christ bids you take this way.

Memorial Services of Major Cooper.

Stirring Testimonies—Numbers of Souls Saved—Broken Vows Renewed—A Wave of Salvation in Many of the City Corps.

"Oh, pour it in my soul." Again and again we sang this stirring chorus in the little room attached to the platform at Lippincott Street. The meeting was to be a memorial one in connection with the life and death of dear Major Cooper (Happy Bill). Mrs. Read and myself had been told off to lead it, and right glad we were of the chance presented in bringing such a big crowd as had gathered, face to face with the things of eternity. I felt confident of victory from the very moment I stepped into that little prayer-room. What a hallowed spot it is! The Lancers know how to pray. The weight of souls was upon us, and together we wrestled with God, and the result was, His Spirit came upon us, fitting us for the work of the meeting. Mysteriously God worked, but oh, with what success!

"There is a better world, they say,"

was sung with much vigor and earnestness. The old song was such an appropriate one, and the fact that FIVE precious souls knelt at the Cross is enough proof of God's divine presence. The meeting was opened for all who wished to say anything in reference to blessings received through "Happy Bill's" life and words. One after another the comrades told of the great benefit derived by them from the promoted Major's life. One woman had been converted four years ago through what Bill said in a meeting. Two of the penitents, weeping bitterly at the form, told of the time they promised the Major to serve God. They had run well for a time, but had fallen. Past memories had been awakened. The Spirit of God had moved upon them through what had been said in reference to Happy Bill that night, and together they asked for mercy and started out to meet the Major in Heaven.

God laid hold of Mrs. Read as she left the platform and walked up and down the aisle, urging sinners to repent. She had seen a great deal of Major Cooper's past warfare. She had fought under his command, and as she spoke of his good works following him, and pressed home the awful reality of death, with all its uncertainty, a solemn awe rested upon that big crowd of people. The Editor gripped things by reading "Behold, I come quickly, and my reward is with me" etc. He told of the company of harlots, idolaters, murderers, etc., to be found outside the gates of Heaven, showing the sinners that if they died in their sin these wretches would be their everlasting companions. Another, and another, and another, came to the Cross, till there were five struggling for mercy, which, we believe, they obtained. Blessed be God for ever. One of these converts was a dear lame boy. Tears flowed down his cheeks as he told of his joy at finding salvation. May God mightily bless the braves of Lippincott. They are pray-*ers*. It does one good to be among them. They seem to put their arms round a fellow and help him on in the leadership of the meeting. Capt. J. Jones is fighting bravely. Mrs. Jones was unable to be present, being sick. Pray for her. We enjoyed the meeting, and we feel confident that the ministering spirit of Happy Bill hovered round. The joy-bells of heaven rang over the five prodigals who returned to the fold. —R.

At Old No. 1.

"Well, Capt. Mutton, what kind of a time did you have at Richmond Street in connection with Major Cooper's memorial service?" queried I, as he sat in my office. "Well, we had a grand time right through the day, and especially at night. The barracks was well filled. One brother, whose eyes filled with tears, told of the blessing he had received through Happy Bill's life

Best of all THREE souls plunged into the fountain. Many of our dear comrades of No. 1 recalled happy memories in connection with the Major's thrilling words of warning and entreaty to the sinner.

• • •

I peeped into Arthur street barracks on my way home from Lippincott and there beheld a sight which did my soul good. FIVE precious souls were kneeling at the Cross, so that evidently the wave of God's saving power had been felt in this corner of the battle field. Oh! how Happy Bill would have jumped for very joy at the sight. Capt. Wakefield and her gallant little band where praying and singing, helping these souls out into liberty.

• • •

I understand from Staff-Capt. Bolton of the Social Reform Branch, that a poor ex-convict who had entered the Home a few days before, wandered down to the Yorkville barracks the night of the memorial service and at the close found mercy. What a blessed Christ have we! A visitor sends us the following account of the Yorkville meeting:—

"The night meeting was the memorial service of our departed comrade, Major Cooper, Staff-Capt. Banks taking the lead. God was there in power. Seated in the audience was Staff-Capt. Bolton, who was invited to the platform, and having known Major Cooper for some years, spoke with great power of his good and holy life and triumphant death. Ensign Matthews spoke plainly to the unsaved. Then Staff-Capt. Banks drew in the net, and with great earnestness pleaded with the unsaved to come to God. Come along! come along! rang through the hall again and again. Presently a cry of 'clear the way, here they come.' One after another came, until SEVEN volunteers knelt at His bleeding feet. My, what a shout, what a time of rejoicing. Then came the testimonies of each convert. 'Let's have a wave offering,' sang out somebody, and each one with a shout of praise, crowned Him Lord of all. They say Yorkville has been a hard nut, but "Dot" has the crackers to crack it."

• • •

At Riverside, Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Fisher led the meeting, and the Captain reports as follows:—

A Death And Life Meeting.

The memorial meeting at Riverside corps was a success.

The S.A. judges of success, not by the crowds, enthusiasm or big collections, but by the visible results of the efforts of the Holy Ghost and His co-workers—saved and sanctified men and women.

Thank God for what we saw and heard on Sunday evening as we talked a little about glorified "Happy Bill." Some good testimonies were given to blessings received through our comrade's devoted life, and it was good to see such a number stand up and by so doing testify that they were going to meet him on the other side.

The soldiers went in well and God was very manifestly present to save. Mrs. Fisher started the meeting going with, "There is a better world they say" which went well—also reading the lesson, when good attention was given, as also, when Ensign Wood sang a solo, and in the wind-up we had a good prayer meeting, properly fought out. After a little urging THREE wanderers came home to God and we sang with heart and voice, "Home once more." One dear fellow, who had been a slave to drink, wept bitterly before the Lord, and we do pray that he may keep on trusting. Another brother handed out a stinking idol in the shape of a lump of tobacco, which was duly confiscated by the Sergt.-Major.

Just as we were closing up a lad came out who had backslidden, owing to disobedience to God, but we believe he got right.

We were pleased to hear in the little hallelujah wind-up, a brother testify, who had come from another meeting where he had just been saved. Thank God he took the first chance for returning thanks. Glory be to Jesus.—F.

• • •

Up to the present time we have not gathered all the information about the meetings held at the other barracks in Toronto, but from the above we are confident that the Spirit of God was poured out in a special manner upon all who gathered to take part in Happy Bill's memorial services. To God be all the glory. His works do follow him, and shall follow him as long as the Army lives. The name of "Happy Bill Cooper," will be handed down from one to another, for the memory of the just is blessed.—R.

The echoes of General Booth's book have sounded beyond the shores of England, as will be gathered from the following letter: "The Empress Frederick's Palace, Berlin, Nov. 1, 1890.—Count Seckendorff presents his compliments to Mr. W. T. Stead, and begs leave to acknowledge, by command of her Majesty the Empress Frederick, the receipt of General Booth's book, 'In Darkest England, and The Way Out.' Count Seckendorff is commanded to say that her Majesty will read this book with special interest."—*Daily Chronicle.*

Big Meetings in the Imperial City.

The Members for Ottawa Arrive All Safe.

For six years the grand old Army chariot has been rolling on in Ottawa, being the means of much blessing to many Christians, and the salvation of hundreds of precious souls, and many bless the day that these God-sent men and women ever came to the city.

Saturday ushered in a new era in the history of this God-inspired organization in this city. The changes, which many of the War Cry readers are well acquainted with, took place on that important day. The trains from the east and west

Brought in the New Members,

viz. Brigadier and Mrs. Glover, A. D. C. Archibald, Captain Knowsley, Secretary, Capt. Freer, Spiritual Special, Capt. and Mrs. Connett, who took charge of the new Men's Training Garrison. Adjt. and Mrs. Leonard, the new D. O., arrived on the previous week, and had the arrangements for the big reception meetings well under way.

All day Sunday the red-hot shot was poured into the enemy's ranks, and we feel confident a good work was done in the hearts of the people. At the holiness meeting the Brigadier read several searching verses from God's Word dealing on consecration, bringing the test upon the Word of God. A large crowd came together in the afternoon. The testimonies were short and pithy, and much blessing was experienced through them to every blood-washed heart. At the evening meeting the large congregation were brought

Face to Face with Death,

judgment and salvation, which must have left its impression deep on their hearts. Capt. Connett led off the testimony meeting, the A.D.C. read the lesson, followed by some most earnest exhortations from Capts. Freer and Mrs. Connett. Adjt. Leonard followed up the fight with good advantage, giving some burning truths which were felt by every heart. The Brigadier pleaded with the people to forsake sin and give their hearts to God, which was their reasonable service.

We closed the day's fighting full of faith for the future of the work, and the salvation of many souls.

Capt. and Mrs. Connett take charge of this corps, and every soldier and friend is going to pray God to roll on the Gospel chariot faster than ever in Ottawa. That God will bless the new Brigadier, his staff and command, the new D.O., and officers, is the prayer of every comrade of the old Ottawa Royals. ARCHIE.

Adjutant Collier's Meanderings

AROUND THE HALIFAX DIVISION.

After spending a few days in the office, we started for a trip around the Division. Our first stopping place was TRURO, where Capt. Knight and Lieut. Davis have been labouring for some time and seeing a few turn to God. We had a nice time and commissioned two Sergeants and a Secretary.

PICTOU was our next appointment, where we found Capt. Dyas and Lieut. Edwards under orders to farewell. They have got things well in hand here, a nice spiritual feeling is in the corps, and they have also got the barracks in good shape. Of course it rained, but Picton people don't mind that much, and we had a fine crowd. ONE man professed to get saved. He is an old hand, but God is able to save him. A dear WOMAN who held up her hand has since got saved. Brother and Sister Russell were very kind, and supplied the wants of the temporal man.

WESTVILLE comes next on the list, where Capt. Irvine (Irish Tom) and his hallelujah wife have been supplying for a few weeks. After doing a little business in the afternoon we hurried to the barracks for the battle. We had a nice time in the open-air and a small company inside. We dealt faithfully with the people here, but had to come away without anyone saved. May God bless Brother and Sister Purvis, who so kindly attended to our bodily needs.

After a short ride on the train we arrived at NEW GLASGOW. Capt. Hartrey met us at the station and soon had us seated in her comfortable quarters. It rained on Saturday night, but we marched and held an open-air, and had a nice meeting inside. Sunday we had a good field day, from knee-drill till night; the soldiers gave very definite testimonies to the blessing of full salvation in the Holiness meeting, and a good time was enjoyed. The brass band led us on in the afternoon, and they are getting along well under the leadership of Bro. Burdett. A good crowd attended the meetings both afternoon and night; ONE man volunteered for salvation. Monday afternoon we had a nice little council with the officers from the surrounding stations, and a jubilee at night. Capt. Hartrey and Lieut. Tuttle have things well in hand, and Capt. says they are going to have a smash soon. Tuesday the [illegible] New Glasgow with their *Band* [illegible] of their soldiers came to help [illegible] LARTON. It still continued to [illegible] marched out and had a good [illegible] side. We read the balance sheet [illegible] the people how much money [illegible] did not get, had some nice music [illegible] N. G. Band and a duet from [illegible] Lieut. from the same place, but [illegible] see anyone decide for God. Capt. [illegible] and Lieut. Harris received their [illegible] orders for Cow Bay while we [illegible] them. The Mayor of the town [illegible] host while here, and looked after [illegible] Yours for victory. TOM H. [illegible]

AUXILIARY NOTES

Self reigns supreme in so many [illegible] the royal law, "Thou shalt love thy [illegible] bour as thyself," is totally ignored. Occupied either by business cares [illegible] grossed in the pursuit of pleasure [illegible] centered on *their* joys or *their* sorrows [illegible] many weary ones with whom they [illegible] contact every day, are not cheered [illegible] bright smiles, or comforting words [illegible] in their own joys and griefs, the [illegible] mandment, "Bear ye one another's [illegible] dens, and so fulfil the law of Christ" [illegible] forgotten.

• • •

But what a change when the key [illegible] lives has been handed over to Christ, [illegible] when we have realized the true [illegible] of these words, "He must increase [illegible] must decrease." As we become [illegible] and grounded in the love of Christ [illegible] selfishness disappears, and our aim [illegible] is not to please ourselves, but follow [illegible] His example, "To go about doing good [illegible] helping the weak, cheering the sad, [illegible] ing the fallen, speaking the sympathetic word, in short, being "all things [illegible] men."

• • •

One of the divisional officers has [illegible] the following encouraging letter:—

"Could you furnish me with a list of [illegible] Auxiliary members in my division [illegible] want to give this branch of the work [illegible] push, and see what can be done in [illegible] direction this coming winter." God [illegible] you Major, we are in urgent need of [illegible] hearted "pushers" "Many hands [illegible] light work." Although your own special work lies nearest your heart, yet [illegible] comrades, will you "love your neighbour [illegible] yourself," and, profiting by Major C—'s example unite with him in this "Auxiliary push."

• • •

So little is known of this branch of [illegible] work—of its aim and scope.

You can "bear our burden," by explaining how the Auxiliary League helps [illegible] "Children's Shelter," "Rescue and Prison Gate Homes," and showing our friends that, by becoming Auxiliaries, they [illegible] have a *real* share in rescuing precious souls, that, though now deep sunk in sin, may yet shine with a lustre far [illegible] passing any earthly jewel.

• • •

"The Auxiliary League is composed [illegible] persons, who, without necessarily endorsing every method used by the Salvation Army, are sufficiently in sympathy with its great work of reclaiming drunkards, rescuing the fallen, in a word, saving the lost, as to give their prayers, influence, money. Persons are enrolled either [illegible] subscribing or collecting Auxiliaries."

This is a new departure in our Canadian League work, (although existing for some time in England). We have hosts of friends, who, while thoroughly in sympathy with us, and willing to help [illegible] work by becoming Auxiliaries, yet poor in this world's goods, they cannot, perhaps even with self-denial, afford the *wherewith-al.* For our *Salvation War* we are anxious to enlist everyone, and so it has been arranged, that anyone collecting [illegible] and forwarding the same to Commissioner Adams, Salvation Army Temple, Toronto, will be recognized as a *true S. A. A.*, and will be entitled to badge, card, and either the "War Cry" or "All the World" for [illegible] year.

Now dear soldiers and friends you have held back, thinking it was impossible for you with your limited means to help [illegible] this direction. The barrier has been removed. Will you not join our League on these terms? If so, we shall be delighted to hear from you.

• • •

Should not every city of our fair Dominion be represented in our League? and should not the number of representatives be proportionate? At present this is not the case. In some of the largest cities we have only one member, while in some of the small towns and villages we have two or three. This is not fair.

Toronto has done nobly, and heads our list with a hundred and two auxiliaries; Hamilton comes next, then Victoria, then Vancouver, while London and Kingston share the honors equally.

Will our friends in Montreal, Quebec, Ottawa, Bowmanville, Oshawa, Peterboro, Brockville, etc., profit by this information and for the honor of your city strive to extend the local branch of our Auxiliary League. E. A. R.

MISSING.

[illegible] POOR GIRL NEEDING A FRIEND, WRITE TO US. We Will Help You!

[illegible] PARENTS, RELATIVES and FRIENDS.

[illegible] SEND US PARTICULARS OF

[illegible] girl fallen or in danger.
[illegible] friends you want to find.
[illegible] persons you desire to be visited or [illegible] after as to their souls' salvation.
[illegible] of otherwise of proposed situation.

NOTICE.—Address all letters, COMMISSIONER T. H. [illegible] Territorial War Office, Toronto, Ont., marked "Enquiry."

NEW LIST.

[illegible] CARR nee ANNIE SMITH, who came [illegible] a number of years ago, was a Salvation [illegible] in Toronto five or six years ago. Will she [illegible] communicate with Miss Malcome, 33 Rose St [illegible] S. A. American "Cry," please copy.—

[illegible] of JOHN CLIFFORD. Last heard of [illegible] Ontario, 6 years ago. His daughter Kate [illegible] Queen St. West, Toronto, is anxious to [illegible] him.—13,12,90.

[illegible] WILLIAM McCARROLL, last heard of in Rocky [illegible] will write to David, or Alexander Law, [illegible] Ont., Canada, he will hear of something [illegible] Property in Aberdeen, Scotland, [illegible] attention.—13,2,90.

[illegible] DEBORAH PURCELL, wife of Capt. [illegible] Purcell, when last heard from was living at No. [illegible], Poona, India, Oct. 12th, 1889, write to [illegible] George Purcell, Brantford, Ont., Canada. [illegible] "Cry," please copy.—13,12,90.

[illegible] FLORENCE E. HEATER, (supposed to be [illegible] soldier in Toronto, Ont., will communicate with T. H. Adams, Salvation Temple, Toronto, [illegible] will receive news that will help her.—13,12,90.

[illegible] SAMUEL HUMPHREY, who married Louisa [illegible] years ago in London, Ont., and went to [illegible] Mich., the same year, kindly communicate [illegible] mother-in-law, Mrs. Mary Jane Hackett [illegible] Ont. American "War Cry," please copy.—13, 12,90.

[illegible] JOSEPH ROBINSON, aged 17 years, last [illegible] Winnipeg, will communicate with his [illegible] Mrs. Margaret Robinson at 909 St. Urbain [illegible] Montreal, he will hear of something to his advantage. U. S. "Cry," please copy.—13,12,90.

If this should meet the eye of ADA HARVEY, kindly [illegible] come home at once. There is much sickness [illegible] home, and your father and mother want you. [illegible] still live in Windsor, Ont. American "Cry," please copy.—13,12,90.

Wanted, news concerning MINNIE CLIFFORD, who is supposed to be married. Last heard of in Toronto. Send information to Kate Clifford, 1354 Queen St. West, or T. H. Adams, S. A. Temple, Toronto.—13,12,90.

[illegible] CAMPBELL, 47 years of age. Left his home in Woodstock, N. B., several years ago. Last heard of [illegible] Emporium, Cameron Co., P. A. Will he, or anyone knowing his whereabouts, please communicate with T. H. Adams, Salvation Temple, Toronto, Ont. American Cry, copy.—13,12,90.

[illegible] WRIGHT, last heard of 7 years ago [illegible] living at No. 9 Thomas St., near White Chapel, London, England. Please write to your son [illegible] anxious about you. Address John Wright, [illegible], Ont. English Cry, please copy.—13,12,90.

J. [illegible] LIVINGSTON, last heard of two years ago [illegible] in the employ of Mr. J. McBride, Mono [illegible] Your Brother, J. S. Livingston, of Brighton, [illegible] good news for you.—13,12,90.

JAMES ROBERTSON, who left Ridgetown 14 years ago [illegible], and when last heard of was teaching a [illegible] singing school, will greatly cheer his wife, Mrs. Catherine Marshall, Ridgetown, Ont., by writing [illegible] or coming home.—13,12,90.

REPRINTED FROM LAST WEEK.

ADAM H. CHRYSLTER, who left Simcoe, Ont., six [illegible] last April, will write to Capt. Pink, box 221, Simcoe, Ont., he will receive information that will [illegible] American W.C. copy.—6,12,90.

[illegible] MAGGIE HOLMAN, nee MAGGIE THOMPSON, who left Bracebridge about six years ago, last heard of two years ago in Collingwood, please communicate with Mrs. Toban, Bracebridge, Ont 7—6,12,90

Information as to the present address of MRS. M. A. [illegible]LAND, formerly of 755 King St. West, Toronto, will be thankfully received by her son, James Saunders, [illegible] Marys, Ont.—6,12,90.

[illegible]NEW PITT, who left home two years ago, and last heard of in Denver, Col., will write to his mother [illegible] would be thankful. American and P. C. *Crys* please copy. 6,12,90

FREDERICK DIBBEN PALMER, last heard of in [illegible], U.S.A., in 1882. If this should meet his eye [illegible] person knowing his whereabouts kindly write [illegible] brother, Arthur H. Palmer, Milburne, P.Q.—6,12,90.

[illegible] GEORGE SHEETS, last heard of in St. John, [illegible] 1889, supposed to have gone to New York [illegible] kindly write to his mother, Mrs. Sheets, Gan[illegible] Canada.—6,12,90.

[illegible] news concerning GRACE BURDEN, who is supposed to be married, last heard of at St. Genories, [illegible] Eng. Send information to William Burden, [illegible] Ont. English *Cry* please copy.—6,12,90.

[illegible] THOMAS STEAD please put himself in correspondence with the captain of the S.A., Stratford? [illegible] heard of in West Virginia, U.S. American *Cry* please copy.—6,12,90.

[illegible] any person knowing anything of POLLY JANE [illegible] last heard of in London, Eng., in 1869, please [illegible] her brother Robert, Richmond P.O., P.Q., [illegible] All *Crys* please copy. 6,12,90.

[illegible]ARD NORMAN came to Canada about six or [illegible] ago. First went to Guelph and then to [illegible] was at the latter place about twelve [illegible] ago. Will he kindly communicate with Enquiry Department, War Office, Albert St., Toronto, [illegible] mother is anxious to hear from him.—6,12,90.

[illegible]RUP C. PETERSEN, a Dane, who left Chester [illegible] of July, 1889. If this should meet his eye [illegible] 17 Posey Street, Chester, Pa.—6,12,90

[illegible]—Will JOHN JAMES, MARY JANE and [illegible] ARTHUR, last heard of in 1874, at Will[illegible] Mine, St. Ives, Cornwall, write to at once? [illegible] will be so glad to hear. Address, care of [illegible] as above.—6,12,90.

[illegible]E FRANKLIN'S broken-hearted mother [illegible] pleased to hear from her son. When last [illegible] he was at Fall River, Mass., U.S.A. Ad[illegible] West St., Halifax, N.S.—6,12,90.

[illegible]AM HENRY WEDLAKE, aged twenty-eight, [illegible] his home Aug. 10 last, and has not returned, [illegible] to write his wife for Percy's sake. Was [illegible] on the Metropolitan Railway. Height, five [illegible] inches, clean shaven; impediment in [illegible] 6,12,90.

PATRICK and RUTH MEAHAW sailed for Philadelphia in 1866. Their brother Harry would be glad to hear from them.—6,12,90.

Will JOHN ROGERS, aged thirty-eight, who went to Canada eight years ago, write at once? His mother and sister long to hear from him.—6,12,90.

Will HANNAH MARIA TAYLOR who left England about two years ago, at present supposed to be in Toronto, please communicate with her little brother, Benjamin Taylor, Bracebridge, Ont. 7—6,12,90.

CHARLES SHOULTZ who, when last heard from, was in Berlin, Germany, about thirty years ago. He was born in a place called Salzski or Saltzke. Will he please write to his niece Mrs. John Atwood, Listowel, Ontario, Canada. German Cry please copy.—6,12,90.

Mr. Editor,—

I read the first number of the WAR CRY that was issued in the Queen City, and I have read every number since that I could get hold of, but I can assure you that when I read the first little leaflet I had no idea it would ever reach the grand proportions that it has attained, and I have no hesitancy in saying that it stands second to no religious paper on the continent. May God bless all concerned in its circulation.

Things are booming here. Mrs. B—— is carrying on special services in the Princess Street Methodist Church, and on Friday evening they were having an open-air meeting on the corner of the street when Capt. Fraser, with her blood and fire corps, torch lights, drums, and brass band came marching down the street to the tune of "We are marching on to war," and joined in with the hallelujah Methodists and gave the devil a regular shaking up, and then all marched off together to the church, colors and band in front. Capt. Fraser was invited on to the platform and opened the meeting by a prayer full of Holy Ghost power.

Then a sermon by Mrs. B—— from St. John iii. 3. Then a testimony meeting and a good time in general.

At the close TWO, a young woman and a little girl, got saved.

On Saturday night the Methodists came around to the barracks in good numbers in time for the march, and the devil and his hosts got such a stirring up as he very seldom has had in this Terminal City. Then back to the barracks, which was packed like a sardine box.

The first hymn was given out by Capt. Smith, who has just come down from the mountains, where he has been carrying the Gospel of peace over mountain and dale to the miners and scattered settlers in that lonely region all the summer, then a running fire of testimony and a practical talk by Mrs. B—— and Mrs. Carkes, and a most pathetic and soul-stirring appeal by Capt. Fraser. The power of God was manifestly present, but no one yielded, but we kept believing for greater things on Sunday, and bless God we were not disappointed.

Our God came very near at knee-drill and still more impressed us with the assurance that something was going to be done, and at holiness meeting I believe there was one saved and one out for the blessing (I was not there).

The night meeting was a grand one; barracks full. At the close two came forward, and our Prince of Peace proclaimed peace to both their souls and they went on their way rejoicing, and we all rejoiced and gave God the glory by marching round the barracks singing praises to His name. Hallelujah!

I tell you, that Capt. Fraser is a hummer and she commands a corps of regular humming-birds. Yours, a Methodist,
E. H——, Auxiliary.

What a Big Contrast!

DEAR EDITOR,—

It was announced to hold a half-night of prayer on Friday, in Self-Denial week, and we had it. I was present at one before at Basingstoke, in Hampshire, Eng., but what a contrast between the two! At the first, I was there to upset the meeting, and I did it to the satisfaction of the devil.

But just look at the second, in a small room at the back of the barracks. We denied ourselves of sleep, and went in for a blessing, and the Lord did not deny us, for He poured out such a blessing as we could scarcely contain. Hallelujah to His Name forever. Wonderful is the joy of Salvation. Last night, Sunday, which closed the week of Self-Denial, the devil got left in good shape, for ONE soul denied the devil of his life, and gave himself to God, and said he meant by God's help to be true. Lord, keep him faithful to the end is our earnest prayer. A. T.

Two Dollar Guernseys for $1.75 for one month. Winter weight, and marked "Salvation Army."

To Young Men and Women.

Beware!—Stepping Stones—The Temperance Pledge—She Became a Harlot—Get on the Rock—Sent to Jail—Beware! Beware!! Beware!!!

BY ADJUTANT MANTON.

DEAR EDITOR,—

I feel led to give you a few crumbs. "I waited patiently for the Lord; and He inclined unto me, and heard my cry. He brought me up also out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings. He hath put a new song in my mouth, even praises unto my God; many shall see it and fear, and shall trust in the Lord. Blessed is that man that maketh the Lord his trust, and respecteth not the PROUD nor such as turn aside to lies." David had not heard of Christ's salvation, of His long-suffering and patience. That is the reason he prayed for the destruction of his enemies.

I wish more particularly to write about *stepping stones*, and the ROCK. There is a great deal of difference between the two. How often you, dear reader, may have crossed the shallow stream on the stepping stones and they have brought you over dry-shod. They have been a means of blessing to you, but when the floods have come the stepping stones have been swept away, but the ROCK stands the fury of the tempest and the surging of the great rushing waters. Draw a few lessons from the stepping stones. If the drunkard tries to rise on the stepping stone of his own dead self he will not rise very high. How often has he tried to give up drink, to become better, to be kinder to his family, but the stones have toppled over and down he has gone into the stream. His steps have been unsteady. The floods came. There was a Rock. Had he got on to it the rushing waters would not have swept him away. He (Christ Jesus) brought me up out of an horrible pit and miry clay, and set me upon a rock. When on the rock there is no fear of falling. There is a certain religious community who have the temperance pledge, and used at first to allow cider and

Soft Drinks and Smoking.

These were dangerous stepping stones. A certain Church have what they call the double pledge, one for out-and-out teetotalers, the other to allow those who take their drops to have a little occasionally. These are dangerous stepping stones. There is the stepping stone of Lust. Look at that innocent young girl behind that counter. She is invited to take a walk by some handsome young fellow. She feels flattered by his attentions. All goes well for a time. He, serpent-like, has been laying his plans, and, with fair promises from the one to whom she has given her heart's affections, she is led step by step to her ruin. When his hellish plot is accomplished she is driven away, like Tamar was by Ammon (2 Sam. xiii, 15). She lost her footing when she yielded to the wretch who sought her ruin. I once heard a lady give the following incident:—"When a girl, twelve years of age, and belonging to a certain Sunday school, it fell to her lot to teach another little girl of five years of age the beautiful poem,

'I think when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How He called little children as lambs to His fold,
I should like to have been with Him then.
I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,
That His arms had been thrown around me——'

Here the little child stopped, and looking up into her teacher's face with a look of earnest desire, said, '*I do wish that His arms had been thrown around me, don't you?*' The teacher said 'Yes, I do.' People in those days did not believe in the conversion of children, so no pressure was brought to bear on the little girl. Years rolled round, and the once young teacher visited the home of her childhood, and, seeking her former teacher, began to ask about the old school-mates, and amongst them she enquired after the little girl who wished that Jesu's arms had been thrown around her. A look of pain spread over the countenance of the teacher as she said, 'I wish you had not asked me,' but she began her story. Little Nellie, for such was her name, grew up to be a promising young woman, handsome and stately in deportment, clever in business, the forewoman of a very large drapery establishment, and very attractive. A banker's two daughters and son became constant customers and were always served by this young lady. She was invited to their home, made a great deal of, and in course of time there was an offer of marriage. Things went on happily for a time, but the young fiend, burning with lust and passion, under his fair promises, accomplished her ruin, which was no sooner done than she was cast off, and left to her own sad fate. Seeing herself despised, and not daring to go home, broken-hearted and desperate, she plunges further into sin, drinks to drown her sorrow, and is one day

Found Dead on the Street,

a poor, despised, drunken harlot. "I wish that His arms had been thrown around me." If some loving friend had warned her that the flood was coming, she might have got on to the rock and have been saved. She lost her footing when she yielded to the liar. Don't forget that dear reader. He was a liar, and so is every one who promises marriage to gain his own hellish ends.

Mind the stepping stones my young sisters, for if you lose your footing, society will scorn you and despise you; but the devil who has caused your ruin is petted and courted by society. Yes, and mothers will risk the life and happiness of their daughters to the care of the lecherous libertine. He is able to provide her a good living, and that is the one aim and object of a mother of the world.

My precious sister, mind the stepping stones. You had better get on the Rock, for there is no slipping there—"Rock of Ages cleft for me, let me hide myself in thee."

Watch that young boy. He commences life by stepping out at nights mixing with ungodly companions. He is asked to take part in some ungodly freak. He is not watching his stepping stones. A hue and cry is made. Some depredation has been committed. He is suspected and watched, but escaping, ventures again, when he is caught, convicted,

And Sent to Prison.

Discouraged and filled with revenge, he goes from one step to another, until, for some premeditated crime, he becomes a convict.

Look at his companion. When asked to take part, he resolutely says *No*. It will bring dishonor to his mother; his course is upward. His employer finds him careful and steady. He is promoted, and steadily, but surely, he minds his footing, watches his stepping stones, and when the floods come, finds himself on the Rock.

Young man, guard well the chastity and purity of every young woman. You may have a sister! Consider your own broken heart over your own fallen sister. Be sure when going out on dark nights, that you have the candle lighted from heaven. It will enable you to see the stepping stones. Without this light, the flood may come and sweep away the stepping stones and and you be launched into the abyss.

May God, in His mercy, direct some with faltering footsteps to be guided by these few words, to get on the ROCK.

Bandsman Clarke Promoted TO GLORY.

The death angel has visited our corps at Toronto III., and taken from our midst a comrade whom we loved—Bandsman Thos. Clarke. He was ill but a short time, and it was a surprise to many when the news reached us of his removal from his place among us.

He was a lad who was generally at his post and we shall miss him very much, but we feel the Lord does His work in His own way and "He doeth all things well."

His death has been the means of bringing others into closer touch with God, and at the memorial service his widow came forward to seek her husband's God, and so the Lord has called another and we feel like pushing forward the fight, for men and women are being called away on every hand, and how awful to meet God unprepared. May He help us who are left to warn the people to war a good warfare.

CAPT. J. E. MILNER, Lisgar St.

Gone to Glory from Aurora.

Mother Reynolds has gone home to glory where pleasures never die, after a very painful illness, through which she found the God she so long served always near, easing the pain and comforting her in the hour of sickness and death. We miss her very much. She was a mother indeed. Her place in the barracks is now vacant. Who will fill it?

We had a memorial service last night, which was a blessed time. A few tears were shed but no one saved. God bless the bereaved ones and save Aurora; so prays

CAPT. BAKER.

Best West of England Melton Overcoat, $25.00.

English Pilot Overcoat, $22.50.

Blue Freize Overcoat, $14.

Australian Rescue Work

(Continued.)

There was no Salvation Army then to pick you up and you had to do something to get your victuals. What would I have done if Jack Moody had not taken me by the hand? I will not say that I am religious, but it has led me to lead an honest life. I do not profess to be saved, but I am trying to do what is right. I have never seen the inside of a watch-house since I was met by the P. G. B. men. I would not disgrace the Army by going back to the life I once lived. I have never had a desire to drink since, not even when my wife sold out my home. She is a "gun," (thief) and if I had not taken the wrong woman I might have been saved."

And so though "Mandy" makes no profession he works honestly for his living. No unsuspecting capitalist is held up and compelled to disgorge his wealth and the police force have thus lost a troublesome customer.

I copy this verbatim from my notes:

"J. O—— sixty-five last May; born in London. Ran away from trade at 15 years of age; picked up by the swell mob pickpockets of London, became a professional P. P. and received various imprisonments amounting in all to four years. Last sentence ten years to Tasmania for picking a gent's pocket in Fleet street, London, £158 one haul.

"After seven years Tasmania, stowed away and came to Melbourne, went on to Sydney. Two days after landing he picked a gent's pocket coming out of a bank of £143. He was a contractor. At Wagga Wagga, he got a cash box out of a store with £230. Taken up in New South Wales for jewellery robbery amounting to £1200. Acquitted. Last sentence in Castlemaine jail, twelve months for picking a woman's pocket in the street. £20.0 and scripts. Went to Maldon to an Army meeting, intending to pick some one's pocket. Convicted; went to penitent form; converted; went into P. G. B. Home. In ten months settled down and married."

Jimmy is a diminutive specimen, and looks for all the world like a professional P. P. When testifying two fingers of his right hand mechanically stretch out so accustomed has he been to let these nimble members glide into a full pocket and extract the plunder. Cases of this description could be enumerated until further orders. Others of equal interest are being saved at the present time. Such is the work of the P. G. B. Is it not a success?

Soon after the opening of the first P. G. B. Home the great need for a Home for the females was felt. Indeed the women themselves met former male companions on the streets, as they went about selling "War Crys," after they had been saved, and wanted to know why the Army did not open a home. They said they would gladly leave their lives of sin if they only had some place to go to, and so at last the Army opened the first Rescue Home for Women. It was but a small place, much out of the way and very inconvenient, and yet it was soon filled—even crowded out. The poor girls anxious to get away from the bitter thraldom which held them, came imploring to be taken in, and yet owing to the scarcity of room, many of these had to be refused admittance. This place soon became useless, the accommodation was too limited, and in addition our officers were painfully aware of the fact that it was not desirable to let the younger girls associate with those who had been living a life of crime for years.

A splendid building suitable in every way was secured and in a short time the Rescue Work obtained such a foothold and so gained the sympathies of the people that it has never looked back since. Instead of one small Home, we have to-day Homes in Geelong, Adelaide, Brisbane, Sydney and Melbourne, and I venture to predict, that at the rate we are travelling, we shall soon have them in every city and town of any size in Australia. Many poor souls wrecked on the beach of life have found a harbor of refuge within the walls of these Rescue Homes. To tell what really has been accomplished would require a more able pen than mine. Still the facts of one case might be inserted here with benefit.

One would scarcely think to look at the bright happy face beneath the Army bonnet, and the light, active figure with Army garb and Rescue sash that Louie had ever been anything but a Salvationist. Not so. Until recently the seamy side of life has been her portion. The daughter of an English naval officer, unfortunately she learned to drink as a child and grew up with a curse upon her. Even while at school she would steal money from her parents, and stopping at a friend's house would procure liquor, consuming oftimes as much as a pint of ale and six pennyworth of gin on her way to the academy.

In utter despair her friends sent her to Australia, handing her over to the care of a ministerial friend. They forgot, however, to mention that she was an inebriate, with the result that the friends of the girl soon discovered this for themselves. She was found in her room one morning helplessly drunk. Her friends were shocked, and after advising her to sign the pledge, turned her into the street.

Getting into and out of situation after situation, she gradually gravitated towards Melbourne. After she had pawned her jewelery and squandered the proceeds for drink, she awoke to the fact that she was homeless, friendless and penniless, with the exception of a threepenny bit. Goaded to madness at the thought of her shame, crushed and sick at heart, she made up her mind to spend her last piece of money for drink, and then, like many others, leap over the parapet, into the dark dirty waters, that had buried so many similar wrecks. But now God's opportunity comes. She is met by a Hallelujah lass, is taken to the Rescue Home, gets saved, becomes an officer, and is now doing her utmost to save others.

With such tales we could fill a "War Cry," but neither your space nor my time will suffice for a further enlargement.

In addition to the various homes, we have also a splendid Enquiry Department in connection with our Rescue Branch, and scores of lost relatives, have been restored to their sorrowing friends. Out of a batch of some ninetyfour cases put into the hands of our officers a few weeks ago, in thirtyone days thirtyfour had been successfully traced, which will give you some idea of the completeness of our system. We have also our Labor Bureau which I have already described at some length.

The Governments of the various Colonies have not been slow to recognise the worth of our Institutions, and we receive from that of Victoria a grant of £450 per year. We can also count amongst our patrons the Governor of Victoria, the Governor of South Australia, and almost all the leading states-men in the country. Of private subscriptions we have no dearth, and yet believe me, dear War Cry, we are always in need.

And so God has raised up an Army within an Army, and from the various Homes girls are continually going forth to fill situations, while not a few have been accepted for the work, and are now in training for officership.

We expect the English contingent to arrive on Thursday next. Already people are rolling in for the great council meetings, and a band of blacks from South Australia are meandering up and down the corridors of Headquarters as I write, while the Maoris are somewhere between Melbourne and Sydney.

I have been rather long, but what can a fellow do when he has so much to write about? However I quit at last. The Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs send much love, as does also yours in the Blood and Fire,

FRED. J. MOSS.

"Who Cares About Me?"

How often have I heard this question, not only among the lost and the outcast, on the streets, and in their wretched dwellings, but among well-dressed, intellectual men and women, as, dealing with them personally, one gets the true expression of their soul. They feel their need of a something higher, deeper, nobler, to which they are strangers yet; and driven to a corner in desperation, they acknowledge the bitter feeling that lies uppermost, that no one cares about their soul's welfare. And as one wends their way in and out, from the first to the lowest grade of society, we prove how comparatively few there are who have any real love for the lost, or really care about their spiritual state. But, blessed words, "God is love." He cares. What immensity lies in those three little words! No scientist can fathom the depth of Divine love. He not only loves, but He is love.

Oh, comrades, let us arouse ourselves, and in the strength of Him who has promised to be our sufficiency, go forward to those souls who are even to-day dying for ever, thinking no one loves them, no one cares. Let us seek so to live armed with the power of His Spirit, and saturated with Divine love, proclaim the blessed fact—God is love and cares for all. Let the very atmosphere of our presence speak to the most despairing. "I care for you." How much do you care?

R. DINGWALL.

Many Thanks to all Donors.

The following donations which we have received we thankfully acknowledge:—

FOR THE ST. JOHN TRAINING HOME.—Prof. Harris, Kingston, $30; Mr. Smith, Windsor, $14; A Friend, $14; Mr. Elliot, $5, Bro. Hyde, $5, Capt. Fisher, $5, Mr. Jones, $5, St. John; A Friend, Dorchester, $5; per Capt. Holman, Yarmouth, $5; Cadet Hysler, Halifax, $4.75; Mrs. Maxwell, Westville, $4; Miss Musgrove, $1; A Friend, $1; Mr. McPherson, St. John, $1; Mr. McPherson, St. John, $1; Mr. Smith, Woodstock, $1; Miss Astle, Little Metis, $1; Capt.——, Indiantown, $1; A Friend, 50c.; A Friend, 45c.; A Friend, 25c.; A Friend, 25c.; A Friend, 20c.; A Friend, St. John, meat; Mr. Jamieson, coal oil; from No. 1 Corps, vegetables, Fredericton Corps, vegetables; New Glasgow Corps, vegetables and groceries; Yarmouth Corps, box of groceries; Bear River, barrel of vegetables; Mr. Smith, Windsor, two barrels apples, three of vegetables; Mr. Nixon, St. John, fruit; A Friend, St. John, fruit; A Friend, Oromocto, barrel potatoes; Mr. Hilton, P.E.I., turnips. We also wish to mention the kindness of Mr. Jones for payment of freight, also Bro. C. Jones, and a comrade from No. 1 for bringing freight to the Home free of cost. Mr. Elliott, St. John, who gave $12.50 to Cadets for clothing, &c.

FOR THE RESCUE HOME, VICTORIA, B. C.—Friends, per Bro. Cozens, $25; Friends, per Staff-Capt. Grayson, $11; Friend, Nanaimo, $5; Soldier, $3; Mr. Gray, Vancouver, $6; Friends, $10; Friend, New Westminster, 50c.; Mr. Moodie, Victoria $5; Mrs. Jones, $1; Mrs. Williams, 50c.; a parcel of clothing; Mr. Clark, $6; Mr. Jewel, $5; Victoria Corps, $4.43; Bro. Gardiner, furniture; Mrs. Goodacre, 12 pillowslips; Friends, Vancouver, furniture; Mr. Wilson, boiler; Lieut. Street, towels; Mrs. R——, towels; Mrs. Porter, glassware; Capt. Coulter, one pair curtains; Mr. Gray, $10, for work done in the Home; Mr. O'Neil, three live chickens; Friends, seven bags of potatoes, three sacks of flour, one bag of cabbages, canned fruit, soap, candles, cakes, pies, tea, sugar, etc.; Capt. Will, pictures; Mrs. McDonald, $1; Mrs. Mattherson, 50c.; Friends, per Capt. Aikenhead, $1.20.

FOR THE MONTREAL RESCUE HOME.—Friend, $1; Brig. Glover, loan, $2; Friend, $10; Friend, per Mrs. Glover, $2; Friend, tea; Friend, sugar; Lieut. Landers, self-denial, tea; Mr. and Mrs. Virtue, six feather pillows; W. L. Bastian, dishes; Mr. Johnston, tea set and [one ton of coal; Mrs. H. Lyman, $10; Mr. Wm. Tees, $5; Friend, barrel of flour; Mr. Carsley, $2; Friend, mottos for Home.

FOR THE SOCIAL REFORM.—D. Pike, city $5.

FOR THE RESCUE WORK.—Father Coombs, Acton, $1; A Laing, Acton, $2.

FOR THE P. G. BRIGADE.—T. R. Stafford, city, $5.

FOR THE CHILDREN'S SHELTER.—Friend, for board of one child, $6; Mrs. Reasor, $10, and little clothes; Mr. West, small shoes; Mrs. Mutch, $2; Christie, Brown & Co., boxes of biscuits; Friend, $1; Officers of Home of Rest, eight patch-work quilts, little clothes, cradle-covers, etc.; Friend, $5; Miss G. Macdonald, Kingston, $5; Capt. Mrs. Webb, $1; Anon, $1; Oliver J., 50c.; Mr. Barrit, potatoes; Mr. Cuisineau, $1; Mr. Brock, new materials; Mr. Reasor, $11; Mrs. Spink, clothes, blankets, stockings, picture-book, apples; Anonymous, 50c.; Rose Avenue School Children, toys, books, etc.; Mrs. Swanson, cot, chair, flannels; Mrs. Commissioner Adams, cradle, baby carriage, chair, etc.; Mrs. Capt. Griffiths, clothes; Mr. Spink, $5; his children, $1; Bro. Zurhorst, $1; Mrs. Harvey $2; Mrs. Bigelow, $1; Friend, 25c. Friend, 50; Mrs. Greenaway, little clothes; Mr. Eaton, $5 in goods; Dr. White, medical attendance promised gratis; the St. Lawrence Eating House, cups and saucers, plates, glasses; Mrs. Baker, swing; Fanny Clink, $1; Donald & Willie, 10c.; M. 25c.; Stranger, 25c.; Friend, 25c.; Daddy Dickson, grapes; Friend, 35c.; Mr. Nesbitt, 50c.; Rev. Mr. Salmon, 50c.; Oliver, 35c.; Mrs. Thompson, baby chair, cradle, etc.; Per Oliver, table; Bro. Baxfield, 3 cradles, meat; Miss Green, flannel; Ex-Rescue Girl, fruit, cakes, etc.; Cadet Lippington, rag-mat; Friends, $2; Mother Langtry, car-tickets, etc.; Mr. Sinclair, 2 doz. plates; Mrs. Macdonald, carpets, table, bed, baby carriage, high chair, cradle; J. Stark, Esq., sewing machine; Gas Company, spent lime.

FOR STRATFORD RESCUE HOME.—Mrs. McGregor, $1; Lieut. Smith, 25c.; Mrs. Bosworth, apples; buns per Mrs. Miller; Mrs. Rankin, bread; Mrs. W. Bleaker, meat; Mrs. Tarkworthy, meat; a friend, meat; Mr O'Brien, bed; Mrs. Wilkinson, buns; Mrs. Homewood, bed, beans; a friend, bread, fruit; Mr. O'Donnell, meat; Mr. Tarkworthy, meat; Mr. Clark, meat, earthenware; Mr. McPherson, pair rubbers; Mr. Ainsmore, tin-pan; Mr. McGuinness, turnips; two from country, $5 each; Mrs. Cook, 30c.

FOR LONDON RESCUE HOME.—Week ending Nov. [illegible] Dr. Arnott, $1; Dr. [illegible] Mr. F. Cooper, $1; Friend [illegible] 25c.; R. Kirkpatrick, 50c.; [illegible] friends 25c.; Sympathizer, [illegible] 25c.; W. Whelpton, 25c.; [illegible] 50c.; Rowat and Co., $1 worth [illegible] Elson Harman and friend, [illegible] celery; Stathroy Soldier, [illegible] Shouldice, coffee; friends, [illegible] butter, coffee, bread; Bro. [illegible] milk; Mr. Coltham, 2 boxes [illegible] crystal and compound; Mr. [illegible]stead; Brig. and Mrs. Philpott, mattress and cradle; Mrs. [illegible] and cotton; Miss. Calcut [illegible] quilts; Mrs. Jarvis, quilt; Mrs. [illegible] bureau; Miss. Summers, 2 woollen [illegible]

FOR SELF-DENIAL FUND.—Mr. [illegible] Bell, Mourmon, N. W. T. $15.

Rescue Notes From [illegible]

The Work Fairly [illegible] Poor Fallen Women [illegible] for—Their Changed Lives. Help coming in.

Having had the privilege of [illegible] few days at the Rescue Home, I [illegible] a few notes about the work [illegible] interest the readers of the War [illegible] Since Capt. Obert and her cadet [illegible] take charge, the work has commenced in real earnest.

* * *

I learnt that in two weeks [illegible] women had entered the Home. [illegible] two went away, but in answer to [illegible] have come back. The officers were [illegible] for one of them, just ten minutes [illegible] she returned. We feel sure God [illegible] prayer.

The other two followed the march [illegible] barracks on the night of the Adj[illegible] farewell, and at the close came [illegible] penitent-form in their drunken [illegible] cried to God for pardon; they [illegible] slaves to drink for some time. [illegible] close of the meeting they were [illegible] the Rescue Home.

* * *

Praise God for a Home for them [illegible] It would do you good to see the [illegible] their lives in so short a time; [illegible] hear them pray for grace and [illegible] overcome the drink and sin.

* * *

Their eagerness to help and [illegible] share in the work, is beautiful to [illegible] the Capt. going down stairs one [illegible] of them said, "Look, Capt. I am [illegible] these for Jesus," at the same time [illegible] up a tray that she was polishing. [illegible] pears, the Capt. had been speaking [illegible] doing everything for Jesus, during the [illegible] We have every reason to believe [illegible] them are blessedly saved. Praise God.

* * *

Friends are beginning to rally [illegible] help in various ways; but we are [illegible] need of both money and clothing; [illegible] is a noble work. We are sure any [illegible] sent to Capt. Obert, 11 Plateau St. [illegible] will be gladly received. We believe [illegible] is only the beginning of a glorious [illegible] amongst our fallen sisters. We [illegible] soon numbers of these dens of [illegible] be no more.

Yours, to help save the lost,
Mrs. Adjt. [illegible]

News from the [illegible]

BY RANGER.

God has given me the privilege of [illegible]ing a few days amongst my old com[illegible] of the Midlands, and I thought I [illegible] let you know how the war is progres[illegible] in this direction.

* * *

We have lost Brig. Spooner from [illegible] midst, and his place has been taken [illegible] D.O. Beatty, of the East. God go with [illegible] Brigadier, and stay with your successor.

* * *

Capt. Eaton, of Kinmount, has [illegible] a banquet, but I did not hear if [illegible] successful or not.

* * *

Norland has a new barracks.

* * *

At Lindsay Capt. Rowan's efforts [illegible] week were rewarded with three souls [illegible] the corps is rapidly rising. Glory to [illegible]

* * *

Saturday and Sunday the long [illegible] Gerow, led the forces at Fenelon Falls [illegible] victory was on the Lord's side. Satur[illegible] night a hardened old sinner (a cousin [illegible] of Gerow's), volunteered for salvation [illegible] he was soon followed by another. [illegible] got saved, and it would have done [illegible] heart good to have seen them both [illegible] march on Sunday. Sunday night [illegible] Anderson farewelled for Montreal [illegible] four more got saved. The prospects [illegible] grand for a good winter's work.

* * *

Peterborough, I believe, is [illegible] nicely.

The War Cry Target

AND

COMPETITION NOTES

FOR

War Cry and Young Soldier December 6th.

[illegible] ALTERATIONS.

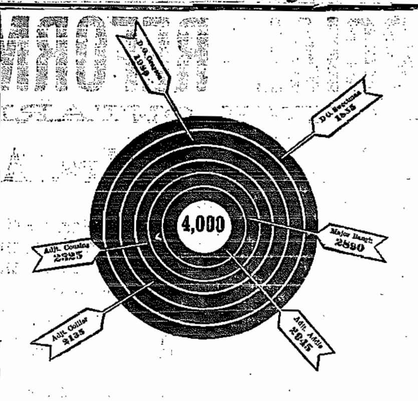
The Totals of the Brigades.

[illegible] JACOBS STANDS FIRST.

Adjt. Addie Nearest the Bull's-Eye.

THE REVISED DISTRICTS.

[illegible] Things Expected Soon—Welcome to the Target, Major Baugh.



[illegible] AT THE BRIGADES. HOW THEY STAND.

[illegible] Brigade, Brig. Jacobs	8550
[illegible] Brigade, Brig. Margetts	4510
[illegible] & Que. Brigade, Brig. Glover	4100
[illegible] Brigade, Major Morris	3755
[illegible] Ontario Brigade, Brig. Philpott	3150
[illegible] Brigade, Brig. Spooner	3075

DIVISIONAL CHAMPIONS.

[illegible] (Manitoba) Capt. Rennie	660
[illegible] (St. John) Capt. Brooks	650
[illegible] (B.C.) Capt. Aikenhead	650
[illegible] I (Montreal) Capt. Clarke	500
[illegible] VI (Toronto) Capt. J. Gale	410
[illegible] (Peterboro) Capt. Desson	400
[illegible] (Moncton) Capt. Fielder	400
[illegible] (Halifax) Capt. Leavitt	380
[illegible] (Ottawa) Capt. Connett	380
[illegible] (London) Capt. Dyson	375
[illegible] I (Hamilton) Capt. G. Miller	350
[illegible] (Kingston) Capt. Barber	320
[illegible] (Woodstock) Capt. Savage	275
[illegible] (Chatham) Capt. McNamara	250
[illegible] (Barrie) Capt. Wellwood	190

***TORONTO DIVISION.**

[illegible] ADDIE in command.

[illegible] VI	Capt. Gale	410
[illegible] V	" Elliott (supply)	295
*[illegible] II	" Jones	285
[illegible] I	" Mutton	250
[illegible] III	" Milner (supply)	225
*[illegible] VIII	" Wakefield	175
[illegible]	" Webb	155
[illegible] IV	" Stephens	150
[illegible] T.H. (lads)	Adjt. Taylor	140
[illegible] XI	Capt. Milligan	135
[illegible] T.H. (lasses)	Stff-Cpt. Banks	130
[illegible] XII	Capt. Wale	130
[illegible] VII	" Bailey	12[illegible]
[illegible] XIII	" Houston	105
[illegible]	" Warder	80
[illegible] X	" Isnor	80
[illegible]	" Pearson	75
		2045

***MONCTON DIVISION.**

MAJOR BAUGH in command.

[illegible]	Capt. Fielder	400
[illegible]town	" Allan	220
[illegible]	" Wright	200
[illegible]	" McLean	195
[illegible] Hill Mines	" Larder	185
[illegible]	" A. McLean	180
[illegible]	" Allen	180
[illegible]	" Hughes	180
[illegible]	" Alward	150
[illegible]	" Knight	150
[illegible]	" Kimble	130
[illegible]side, P.E.I.	" Fradsham	125
[illegible]	" Ledrew	95
[illegible]orge		90
[illegible]ille	" McDonald	90
[illegible]	" March	80
[illegible]	" Young	80
[illegible] Head	" Boggs	80
[illegible]drews	" Bissett	80
		2890

[illegible] ST. JOHN, N. B. DIVISION.

[illegible] COUSINS in command.

[illegible] I	Capt. Brooks	650
[illegible] V		350
[illegible]outh	" Holman	320
[illegible] II		190
[illegible]	" Allen	180
[illegible]polis	" Creighton	120
[illegible]ton	" McLean	120
[illegible] III	" Roach	115
[illegible]ille	" Calkin	115
[illegible] River	" Byers	115
[illegible]etown	" Allen	100
		2325

HALIFAX DIVISION.

ADJUTANT COLLIER in command.

Halifax I	Capt. Leavitt	380
Halifax II	" Jennings	255
Windsor	" Mathews	250
New Glasgow	" R. Hartrey	205
Liverpool	" Irvine	165
Dartmouth	" Dyas	160
Westville	" McLean	110
North Sydney	" Wolters	110
Sydney	" Nickerson	130
Truro	" Boyer	120
Halifax III	" Desbrisay	110
Kentville	" Gardiner	80
		2135

BRITISH COLUMBIA DIVISION.

STAFF-CAPTAIN GRAYSON in command.

Victoria	Capt. Aikenhead	650
Vancouver	" Fraser	375
Nanaimo	" Coulter	370
New Westminster	" McIntyre	350
Calgary	" Hilts	235
		1980

LONDON & PALMERSTON DIVISION.

D. O. SWEETMAN in command.

London	Capt. Dyson	375
Stratford	" Maltby	185
Goderich	" Thackery	170
Sarnia	" Sergeant	130
Seaforth	" Haldane	120
Petrolia	" Watson	110
Strathroy	" Hay	110
Palmerston	" Robinson	100
Listowel	" Werry	85
Wingham	" Andrews	80
Mitchell	" Markle	80
Forest	" Smith	80
Clinton	" Wells	80
Parkhill	" McKague	75
St. Marys	" Richards	75
		1855

***MANITOBA DIVISION.**

MAJOR MORRIS in command.

Winnipeg	Capt. Rennie	660
Brandon	" Frith	415
Portage la Prairie	" Ham	215
Neepawa	" Iverach	130
Carberry	" Gage	125
Moose Jaw	" Gordon	115
Emerson	" McGill	85
		1775

PETERBORO DIVISION.

D. O. BEATTY in command.

Peterboro	Capt. Desson	400
Bowmanville	" Steale	210
Oshawa	" Butler	200
Lindsay	" Rowan	150
Port Hope	" Avru	140
Whitby	" Woods	95
Uxbridge	" White	95
Omemee	" Birker	85
Millbrook	" Shepherd	85
Sutton	" Ward	75
		1565

OTTAWA DIVISION.

ADJUTANT LEONARD in command.

Ottawa	Capt. Connett	380
*Cornwall	" Hendricks	230
Morrisburg	" Ludgate	200
Pembroke	" Lindsay	120
Kemptville	" Armstrong	115
Brockville	Capt. Myles	105
*Carleton Place	" Batten	100
Cobden	" Snelgrove	95
Perth	" Payne	90
Prescott	" Parker	90
		1545

MONTREAL DIVISION.

D. O. MARSHALL in command.

Montreal I	Capt. Clarke	500
Quebec II	" Goodwin	175
Lachute	" Booth	140
Bedford	" Osmond	125
Montreal II	" Moss	125
Chesterville	" McKeon	110
Coaticooke	" Johnson	100
Maxville	" Laing	100
W. Winchester	" McNamara	100
		1485

WOODSTOCK DIVISION.

STAFF-CAPT. SHARP in command.

Guelph	Capt. Savage	275
Woodstock	" Ilett	250
Ingersoll	" Gage	200
St. Thomas	" Viner	150
Galt	" Turner	150
Norwich	" Thompson	100
Paris	" Gale	100
Berlin	" Hagne	90
Ayr	" Leslie	75
Tilsonburg	" Richardson	75
		1475

CHATHAM DIVISION.

ADJT. HOWELL in command.

Chatham	Capt. McNamara	250
Windsor	" New	200
Essex Centre	" Wale	125
Ridgetown	" Hong	120
Wallaceburg	" Walker	100
Dresden	" Mahon	90
Blenheim	" Wyan	85
Leamington	" Gibbs	85
Bothwell	" Scarr	80
Comber	" Ogilvie	80
Dutton	" Ewart	80
		1295

NEWFOUNDLAND.

MAJOR SCOTT in command.

St. Johns	1200

KINGSTON DIVISION.

D. O. MCINTYRE in command.

Kingston	Capt. Barber	320
Cobourg	" Fox	160
Gananoque	" Woolley	135
Belleville	" A. Armstrong	130
Deseronto	" Bradley	105
Napanee	" Worr	80
Picton	" Cragg	80
Tweed	" Vanbuskirk	75
Madoc	" Best	75
		1160

HAMILTON DIVISION.

STAFF-CAPT. SOUTHALL in command.

Hamilton I	Capt. G. Miller	350
Brantford	" Fisher	200
St. Catharines	" Frazer	200
Simcoe	" Woodall	105
Hamilton II	" Pink	105
Niagara Falls	" Ireland	100
Dundas	" Hewitt	75
		1135

BARRIE DIVISION.

MAJOR CALHOUN in command.

Barrie	Capt. Wellwood	190
Orillia	" Williams	145
Parry Sound	" Daymond	130
		465

NOTES.

Wonderful upheavals and changes again this week. At last I have got the revised list of changes, the reconstruction of Brigades, Districts, etc., and am now able to start out on square lines.

* * *

And of course I heartily congratulate Father Baugh on his appearance in the target, and he takes no mean place either. Shake hands, Major. I wonder whether Adjt. Cousins will have heart enough to try and overtake and conquer the former Kingston D.O.

* * *

I do heartily believe that Adjt. Addie of the Toronto District will have to keep his eyes on D.O. Baugh, and I should suggest that the officers of the newly-formed Moncton District come up to the help of their new D.O. and take the ring next to the bull's-eye.

* * *

Ottawa comes into the Divisional Champions' List. This is a new district and should boom under the command of Adjt. Leonard. Capt. H. Connett, now come along old boy, push things around the Imperial City. Your wife will help you, and the soldiers will gather round to the help of the Lord against the mighty.

* * *

The reason of Halifax Districts' fall was because Pictou goes over to the command of Major Baugh, thus taking 200. Never mind, Adjt. Collier, all will come out O.K. Put on more desperate efforts to push the Cry and Y.S. I don't see why the Manitoba District should not come on the Target. Now, Major Morris, shoot straighter.

* * *

As far as rises go, the last week has not been a remarkable one, but I am happy to be able to put it on record that 100 W.C. and Y.S. is the total rise. Praise God. We shall go on to advance. True, 95 of these are Y.S., but better to rise than fall any day. Let us all go in for rising, not falling.

* * *

For this rise we have to thank Toronto II., Toronto VIII., Thamesford, Carleton Place, Cornwall, Neepawa, and St. George. Poor Brampton has gone down to the tune of 25. Brampton, why art thou fallen so low? Can you tell me, Capt. Warder?

* * *

I am sorry that mistake occurred last week in my notes. D.O. Marshall took second place and not Adjt. Addie. It was quite an oversight. God bless each of these D.O's.

* * *

Next week the Brigadiers will appear on the Target. PAY.

When the attendants around the dying bed of David Staner thought his spirit had taken its fight, he raised himself up in bed and said, "Oh, Lord, save sinners, save them by scores, save them by the hundreds, save them by the thousands," and his work on earth was done. The ruling passion was strong in death.

* * *

Prayer is the medium by which we get near to God. We find that men who accomplished much for God were men of much prayer.

A REMARKABLY INTERESTING

CHRISTMAS WAR CRY.

The following will be among the contents of our Special Christmas number:—

A stirring page (illustrated). Being the life-sketch of one of our Rescue girls, now an officer, who was first tempted to drink on Christmas Eve.

The photo of Capt. Fred Wood (Yuddhisthira) of India, together with an account of his wanderings in Gujarat; marvellous conversion of Natives, etc., etc.

The Christ Man.
A Christmas Reflection.
Past and Present.
To Chatham or Hell.
Lots of other stirring, thrilling facts.

Have you sent along your Contribution?

Great SOCIAL REFORM TOU

THROUGH ONTARIO.

Commissioner and Mrs. Adams,

ASSISTED BY

COLONEL YOUNG, Chief Secretary; MAJOR LEIGHTON, Private Secretary; STAFF-CAPT. BOLTON, of Social Reform Branch. The Brigadiers and Divisional Staff of their respective commands will be present. Also LIEUTENANT LEE, Colored Singer and Guitar Player.

The Following Towns and Cities will be visited:

TORONTO (Lippincott St)	.... Christmas Day, December 25		PETERBORO	.... Tuesday,	.... Janu
WOODSTOCK	....Thursday, ...	....January 1	OTTAWA	.... Wednesday, ...	.... "
PALMERSTON....	.... Tuesday, ...	.... " 6	KINGSTON	.... Thursday, ...	.... "
LONDON	....Wednesday, ...	.... " 7	HAMILTON....	....Wednesday	.... "
CHATHAM	.... Thursday, ...	.... " 8			

Graphic Descriptions of Prison Gate Work, Children's Shelter, Rescue Work, and Our Future Prospects. ADMISS 10 CENTS. An Officers' Council will be held at Each place.

CHRISTMAS DAY

Lippincott St. Toronto.

THREE HOURS AT THE CROSS

(Commencing at 2 p. m., led by Brigadier Margetts.)

Great Banquet at 5:30 p.m.

Training Home Anniversary

At 8 p.m., led by

THE COMMISSIONER.

Assisted by Colonel Young, Brigadiers Holland and Margetts, Major Leighton, and the Headquarters and Training Home Staff, and the

BEAUTIFUL STAFF BAND.

ADMISSION:

Banquet & Meeting, 25c. Meeting Only, 10c.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS.

Staff-Captain Sweetman's address is 479 York St., London, Ont.

Staff-Captain Southall's address is 77 Napier St., Hamilton, Ont.

Adjutant Leonard's address is 320 Bay St., Ottawa, Ont.

Acknowledgements.

RESCUE HOME NUMBER I, TORONTO.—A friend, $2; Yorkville Cadets, $1; Mrs. F. Hendon, $2; Symmathizer, Wilton Ave., 50c. Provisions—Messrs. Norris, Zimhorst, Smith, Creelock, Dancy, Dancy, Creelock, Dever, Herman, Bloomfield, Mellick, Lloyds, Schmidt, Smith, Pence, and many other kind friends. Their name is Legion.

RESCUE HOME NUMBER IV, MONTREAL.—Friends, clothes, thread, bacon; friends, clothing, bacon, cocoa, stationery; friends, sugar, honey, new hall stove, 1 qt. milk daily, Tract and Bible Society, Bibles and tracts; Gault Bros., 4 pr. blankets, 1 bale cotton; Mr. Johnson, sewing machine, lounge; friends per Mrs. Sutherland, $3; friends per Cadet Holman, $1.10.

RESCUE.—A friend, Barrie, $2.

CHILDREN'S SHELTER.—Ann Morwick, board for one child, $6; A. Keitch, Little Current, $10; Campbell, Shelburne, $1.

For Sale or Exchange.

For a Cornet, a first-class Tenor Horn. For particulars write to Capt. H. Gale, Paris, Ont.

The Trade Department.

A Good Chance for You.

A $2 GUERNSEY FOR $1.75.

These Guernseys can now be purchased at the War Office Stores. Good Guernseys with the words "Salvation Army" across the front.

Those Army Mats are Attractive

These mats are very suitable for the hall or bedroom. They are covered with striking mottoes, such as "God Bless Our Home;" "Love One Another."

They are only 30 Cents each at the War Office.

Do You Want a

NEAT TABLE COVER?

Then before you purchase one don't fail to try the Army Table Cover with the Army Crest in the middle.

ONLY $2.25 (Cheap.)

Send your order to the War Office.

THE WINTER IS DRAWING NEAR.

HAVE YOU A GOOD OVERCOAT?

Great Bargains in this line at the Store, Toronto.

Prices Range from $11 to $25.

Remember the Tailoring Department.

ANY OF

MRS. BOOTH'S BOOKS

Can be purchased at the War Office Stores, Toronto.

DON'T FAIL TO SEND IN YOUR ORDER.

WILL SOON BE FOR SALE.

THE GENERAL'S NEW BOOK,

"In Darkest England & the Way Out."

Orders for this book should be sent in early.

Rescue Collecting Box.

We are in need of 1000 whole-se Men and Women who will take one above Collecting Boxes and let it stand their table or in the most prominent p their home and receive contributions our Rescue Work.

Those requiring boxes will plea their full name and address.

WILL YOU TAKE ONE?

With a little care and prayer great can be accomplished in this matter.

Please send in your application for of these boxes to

Commissioner Adams,
Prison Gate Brigade and Enquiry D
War Office, Albert St., Tor

DRESS GOODS. DRESS GO

GOOD SERGE (best)	80c.
" "	75c.
" "	60c.
LIGHT SERGE (best)	35c.
SCARLET CASHMERE....	50c.

All trimmings can be got at the Office Stores.

OVERCOATS! OVERCOA

BEST OVERCOATS (with cape)
GOOD ENG. PILOT OVERCOATS
" MELTON "
NAP OVERCOAT (with cape).....
BLUE FRIEZE (without cape)....

THE YOUNG SOLDIER.

ONE CENT PER copy, or 10 copies with the Cry, sent to the Prison Gate Brigade, 79 Albert St., Commissioner T. H. A.

THE WAR CRY CONTAINS ALL THE Notices of the War, and is circulated by the General Officers and Soldiers. There is no more effective means to spread the news of the WAR CRY, which is circulated in Canada and Newfoundland, and by its success all who read it be a more earnest and energetic attack upon the kingdom of the one, and the more confident efforts to extend the kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Printed, with all S.A. publications, at the Printing House, 79 Albert Street, Toronto, by PRISONER T. H. ADAMS.

Our Social Reform Branch.

Missing and Enquiry Department.

Of late many lost ones have been restored to their loved ones, causing great joy in many homes. This is a wonderful departure and we are open to do our best to find any missing ones. Will our friends when writing, send us full particulars of dates, places, etc., writing the names of persons and places very legibly.

No Charge is Made for Advertisement.

Our Rescue Homes.

IT IS A FACT that we have FIVE RESCUE HOMES opened in this Dominion, and shall shortly have another two in full swing. We need much practical help in this matter. Will our friends in particular at Toronto, Strafford, London, St. John and Montreal and in general everywhere, make a note of this. Donations to be sent to Mrs. Adams, corner Wilton Avenue, Toronto.

The Prison Gate Work

Has been thoroughly established. Two Homes have been opened. No. 1 in Toronto, and No. 2 in Kingston. Already God has given us wonderful success. Several ex-prisoners are in the Home at Toronto. Some of these have been soundly converted, and testify to the fact. We are in great need of warm underclothing, etc.

Come to our help in this respect.

The Shelter for Little Children

Has been opened in Toronto. Already there are a number of little folk within its walls. It is a wonderful work and should have the sympathy of all. Don't fail to help us in our efforts to get the dear children saved.

All Donations thankfully received by Mrs. Adams.